

CALLIOPE:
OR, THE
AGREEABLE SONGSTER

Being a new REPOSITORY OF
SONGS, CANTATAS, &c. &c.

TOGETHER WITH
THE FAVOURITE AIRS
IN THE MOST ADMIREDE
OPERAS and MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS,
Which have been performed at the
THEATRES and PUBLIC GARDENS.

L O N D O N.

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M D C C L X X V I I.



INTRODUCTION.

IT has been long and very justly complained, that our best Songs lay scattered thro' such a variety of publications, that it required more time and expence than many persons were willing to bestow, to attain to the possession of them. — Those who were desirous of laying in stores of this kind, had not only many books to purchase, but such torrents of dulness and indecency to steer through, that very frequently their impatience got the better of their resolution, and induced them to lay aside the design as tedious and vexatious.

To this cause it must be principally owing, that we often find persons with good voices remarkably defective in the choice of their songs: They content themselves with a few which they got by accident long ago, and leave to others the fame of pleasing by novelty and variety, who have had more perseverance and

success

success in a pursuit, that appeared to them to be attended with many difficulties.

The editor of these sheets, persuaded that numbers, who now rarely venture to put their abilities to a trial, would readily engage in the vocal strain, had they an easy means presented to them for that purpose; and willing, as far as in his power, to extend the influence of that divine art, which beyond every other elevates and refines the soul,—set himself to select together the choicest and most esteemed songs that were to be met with in the numerous volumes, repositories, companions, operas, masques, &c. &c. While he was thus employed, he was favoured, by several ingenious persons, with some valuable originals, never before in print, for which he takes this opportunity of expressing his gratitude. These he now offers to the world in the convenient size of a pocket volume; and he flatters himself, that for the variety and excellence of its contents, it will be found the compleatest and best collection of songs hitherto published.

THE

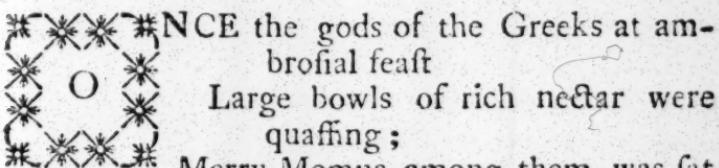


THE AGREEABLE SONGSTER.



The ORIGIN of ENGLISH LIBERTY.

The Words by GEORGE ALEX. STEVENS.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks at am-
brosial feast
Large bowls of rich nectar were
quaffing ;
Merry Momus among them was sat
as a guest ;

Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing.
On each in the synod the humourist droll'd,
So none could his jokes disapprove ;
He sung, reparteed, and some smart stories told,
And at last thus began upon Jove.

“ Sire ! Atlas, who long has the universe bore,
“ Grows grievously tired of late ;
“ He says that mankind are much worse than
before,
“ So he begs to be eas'd of their weight.”

A Jove,

Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
 From his shoulders commanded the ball ;
 Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of the
 world,
 And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe
 round,

To see what each climate was worth ;
 Like a di'mond, the whole with an atmosphere
 bound,

And she variously planted the earth.
 With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd ;
 France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear ;
 What suited each clime on each clime she bestow'd,
 And FREEDOM she found flourish'd HERE.

Four cardinal Virtues she left in this isle,
 As guardians to cherish the root :
 The blossoms of LIBERTY 'gan for to smile,
 And Englishmen fed on the fruit.
 Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty so rare,
 O preserve it as free as 'twas giv'n !
 We will while we've breath,—nay, we'll grasp it
 in death,
 Then return it untainted to heav'n.

CORYDON AND PHILLIS.

By Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

HER sheep had in clusters crept close to a grove,
 To hide from the heat of the day ;
 And Phillis herself, in a woodbine alcove,
 Among the sweet violets lay :
 A young lambkin it seems had been stole from
 its dam,
 'Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot ;
 That Corydon might, as he search'd for his lamb,
 Arrive at the critical spot.

As thro' the green hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
 He saw the fair nymph with surprise ;
 Ye gods, if so killing, he cry'd, while she sleeps,
 I'm lost if she opens her eyes :
 To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
 I'll homeward my lambkin to trace ;
 But in vain honest Corydon strove to depart,
 For love held him fast to the place.

Cease, cease, pretty birds, what a chirping you
 keep,
 I think you too loud on the spray ;
 Don't you see, foolish lark, that the charmer's
 asleep,
 You'll wake her as sure as 'tis day :
 How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet maid,
 Her cheeks he mistakes for a rose ;
 I'd pat him to death, if I was not afraid
 My boldnes would break her repose.

Then Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile,
 Kind shepherd, said she, you mistake ;
 I laid myself down for to rest me awhile,
 But trust me I still was awake :
 The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow,
 He plac'd himself down by her side ;
 And manag'd the matter I cannot tell how,
 But yesterday made her his bride.

The M O T H E R of L O V E.

THE virgin when soften'd by May,
 Attends to the villager's vows,
 The birds sweetly bill on the spray,
 And poplars embrace with their boughs :
 In Ida bright Venus may reign,
 Ador'd for her beauty above ;
 We shepherds who dwell on the plain,
 Hail May as the mother of love.

From the west as it wantonly blows,
 Fond zephyr careffes the pine,
 The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
 And willows and woodbines entwine :
 The pinks by the rivulet's side,
 That borders the vernal alcove ;
 Bend downwards to kiss the soft tide,
 For May is the mother of love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
 He flutters in bridal array ;
 If the lark and the linnet now sing,
 Their music is taught them by May :
 The stock-dove recluse with her mate,
 Conceals her fond bliss in the grove ;
 And murmuring seems to repeat,
 That May is the mother of love.

The goddess will visit ye soon,
 Ye virgins be sportive and gay ;
 Get your pipes, oh ! ye shepherds, in tune,
 For music must welcome the day :
 Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
 And all his keen anguish remove ;
 Let him tell a soft tale, and he'll find,
 That May is the mother of love.

The PERPLEXED VIRGIN.

By Mr. BOYCE.

YOUNG Colin to our cottage came,
 And vow'd how much he lov'd ;
 I own I felt a secret flame,
 Yet not his suit approv'd :
 A thousand tender tales he told,
 I seem'd to think untrue ;
 And made believe my heart was cold,
 What cou'd a virgin do ?

The artless mind is soon impress'd
 With thoughts before unknown ;
 When Cupid wounds the female breast,
 He's sure to keep his throne.
 In vain our fortitude we try,
 When love's resolv'd to sue ;
 'Tis hard thro' pity to deny,
 What can a virgin do ?

The LUCKY MINUTE.

AS Celia near a fountain lay,
 Her eye-lids clos'd in sleep,
 The shepherd Damon chanc'd that way
 To drive his flock of sheep.

With awful step he approach'd the fair,
 To view her lovely face ;
 Where ev'ry feature wore an air,
 And ev'ry part a grace.

His heart inflam'd with am'rous pain
 For fear the nymph shou'd wake,
 For never sure was any swain
 So unprepar'd to speak.

As flumb'ring thus the fair one lay,
 Soft wishes fill'd her mind ;
 " Come, Thyrsis, come (she said) this way,
 For now I will be kind."

Damon

Damon improv'd the lucky hit, (
 And flew into her arms ;
 He took her in the yielding fit,
 And rifled all her charms.

The A B S E N T S O L D I E R.

DREAD War ! why so soon dost thou come,
 With all thy sad woes in thy train ?
 What, alas ! will bring riches and honour to some,
 To me will bring nothing but sorrow and pain.
 That honour, still fatal to love,
 Commands my kind hero away,
 In far distant climates to rove,
 And trust the false winds and the sea.

How cruel, alas ! is that fate
 Which unkindly our bliss does divide !
 How cheerless, how wretched, & gloomy that state
 Where ev'ry fond hope and sweet kiss is deny'd :
 No music can soften my care,
 No pleasure my senses delight,
 When his voice sounds no more in my ear,
 And his person's no longer in sight.

Tho' the bushes all gaudy may bloom,
 And the birds warble cheerful and gay,
 Yet my heart will be nothing but mourning and
 gloom,
 So soon as my love is from me gone away.

But

But when the moon rises so bright,
 And shews her full orb in the stream,
 Some relief it will be to my sight,
 To view the same object with him.

JUST AS YOU PLEASE.

QUOTH Stephen to Chloe, your charms I
 adore ;
 You're witty, you're pretty, and you're pleasing
 all o'er ;
 Your lips are like rubies, your cheeks like the rose,
 And your breath far more sweet than Arabia blows ;
 But tho' charming, alas ! your delight is to tease,
 And with your poor swain you do just as you please.

O think, cry'd the youth, on the pains I endure,
 As you are the cause, oh ! extend me a cure,
 My passion's so strong, that my rest I forsake,
 And a paleness o'er spreads my once rosy cheek ;
 Without you are kind, I ne'er shall have ease,
 Yet she careless reply'd, I'll do just as I please.

Enrag'd that she paid him no greater regard,
 When he knew that his truth was deserving re-
 ward ;

Then boldly advancing, saluted the fair,
 And vow'd, that such treatment he no longer
 would bear,

No more thus submissive would sue on his knees ;
 She, laughing, reply'd, sir, do just as you please.

Then

Then seizing her hand, he straight led her along,
 While she never said, he was right or was wrong,
 He took her to church, and there made her his wife,
 And vow'd he wou'd love her as long as he'd life.
 No longer she thinks that his passion can tease,
 But answers him always, do just as you please.

The R E S O L V E.

MY father and mother for ever they chide,
 Because I young Colin approve :
 Tho' witty and manly they him can't abide,
 But I'm alone guided by love.
 My father, I warrant, when at Colin's age,
 No doubt but pursu'd the same plan ;
 My mother, 'tis certain, took care to engage
 At once to make sure of her man.

And why should not I the same maxim pursue ;
 I wonder she angry can be,
 When I in my turn the same thing but do,
 As she has long done before me.
 But first when the shepherd my favour address'd,
 Like others I threw o'er a veil,
 He'd sigh, and he'd kiss, when so closely he press'd,
 I cou'd not but hear his fond tale.

I candidly own, whene'er the youth's by,
 I've all I can wish in my view ;
 Nor will I, like other coy maids, pish and fie,
 The deuce shall take me if I do.

Cool streams to the heart, nor flow'rs to the bee,
 Such pleasure they each cannot gain,
 As Colin's lov'd presence is always to me,
 For sure he's the pride of the plain.

And tho' he shou'd shew all the arts of his sex,
 Or faithless as others might prove,
 It wou'd not my mind by half so perplex,
 But knowing none else worth my love.
 That thought I will banish, lay fifty to ten
 The licence he soon will procure ;
 Perhaps you will say, well and prithee what then,
 I'll wed him, my dear, to be sure.

HE STOLE MY TENDER HEART AWAY.

THE fields were green, the hills were gay,
 And birds were singing on each spray,
 When Colin met me in the grove,
 And told me tender tales of love :
 Was ever swain so blithe as he,
 So kind, so faithful, and so free ;
 In spite of all my friends could say,
 Young Colin stole my heart away.

Whene'er he trips the meads along,
 He sweetly joins the wood-lark's song ;
 And when he dances on the green,
 There's none so blythe as Colin seen :
 If he's but by I nothing fear,
 For I alone am all his care ;

Then

Then, spite of all my friends can say,
He's stole my tender heart away.

My mother chides whene'er I roam,
And seems surpriz'd I quit my home;
But she'd not wonder that I rove,
Did she but feel how much I love:
Full well I know the gen'rous swain
Will never give my bosom pain;
Then, spite of all my friends can say,
He's stole my tender heart away.

The BIRKS of ENDERMAY.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay:
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them, improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the birks of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this the living bloom will fade,
As this will strip the verdant shade;
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songster's love no more,
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Endermay.

JEMMY and NANNY.

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasure did
crown,

Upon a green meadow or under a tree,
E'er Nanny became a fine lady in town,
How lovely, and loving, and bonny was she !
Rouze up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,
Let no new whim take thy fancy from me :
Oh ! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any ;
Favour thy Jemmy, who doats upon thee.

Can the death of a linnet give Nanny the spleen ?
Can losing of trifles a heart-aching be ?

Can lap-dogs and monkies draw tears from those
een,

That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me ?
Rouze up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny ;
Scorn to prefer a vile parrot to me,
Oh ! thou art as bonny, be faithful as any ;
Think on thy Jemmy, who doats upon thee.

O think, my dear charmer, on ev'ry sweet hour,
That slid away softly, between thee and me,
E'er squirrels, and beaux, and their fop'ry had
pow'r,

To rival my love, and impose upon thee.
Rouze up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,
Let thy desires be all center'd in me :
Oh ! thou art as bonny, be as prudent as any :
Love thy own Jemmy, who doats upon thee.

The S P O R T S M A N.

EV'RY mortal some favourite pleasure pursues, [for news ;
 Some to White's run for play, some to Batson's
 At Shuter's droll phiz others thunder applause,
 And some triflers delight to hear Nichols's noise :
 But such idle amusements I'll carefully shun,
 And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

Soon as Phœbus has finish'd his summer's career, [care ;
 And his maturing aid blest the husbandman's
 When Roger and Nell have enjoy'd harvest home, [roam ;
 And, their labours being o'er, are at leisure to
 From the noise of the town and its follies I run,
 And I range o'er the fields with my dog and my gun.

When my pointers around me all carefully stand,
 And none dares to stir, but the dog I command ;
 When the covey he springs, and I bring down
 my bird,

I've a pleasure no pastime beside can afford :
 No pastime nor pleasure that's under the sun,
 Can be equal to mine with my dogs and my gun.

When the covey I've thinn'd to the woods I
 repair,
 And I brush thro' the thickets devoid of all fear ;
 There I exercise freely my levelling skill,
 And with pheasants and woodcocks my bag
 often fill ; [shun,
 For death (where I find them) they seldom can
 My dogs are so sure, and so fatal my gun.

My spaniels ne'er babble, thy're under com-
 mand ;
 Some range at a distance, and some hunt at hand :
 When a woodcock they flush, or a pheasant they
 spring, [woods ring ;
 With heart-cheering notes, how they make the
 Then for music let fribbles to Ranelagh run,
 My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

When at night we chat over the sport of the day,
 And spread o'er my table my conquer'd spoils
 lay ;
 Then I think of my friends, and to each send a
 part ;
 For my friends to oblige is the pride of my heart :
 Thus the vices of town, and its follies I shun,
 And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my
 gun.

The SHEPHERD and CUPID.

TWAS early on a holiday,
 A harmless shepherd chanc'd to stray,
 And wand'ring near a crystal brook,
 He sat him down to bait his hook ;
 Thus said the shepherd, free from care,
 " If I a gudgeon should ensnare,
 " Or any of the scaly fry,
 " I'd envy none beneath the sky."

His sport was harmless as his mind ;
 Upon his hand his head reclin'd ;
 And, lift'ning to the wood-lark's note,
 He watch'd the motion of his float :
 It scarce obtain'd a single swim,
 Ere Cupid round the swain did skim
 With feather'd wings, extended wide,
 And settled by the shepherd's side.

The swain had heard of bows, and darts,
 And Cupid's snares, that torture hearts ;
 Became uneasy at the sight,
 But artfully conceal'd his fright ;
 " I prithee, Cupid, tell, I pray,
 " What brought thee out so soon to-day ?"
 " In truth, said he, my sport's like thine ;
 " I hither come to wet my line."

" If that be true, thou pretty boy,
 " Then leave with me that glitt'ring toy ;
 " I mean the arrow in thy hand ;
 " Then equally we'll share our stand."

‘ Shepherd, I'll give thee any thing ;
 ‘ Pray take with it my bow and string.’
 The swain secure his cheek did stroke,
 And, slyly, Cupid's arrow broke.

But lo ! an angel's voice he heard,
 And soon an angel's form appear'd,
 With eyes so bright, as poets say,
 Should Phœbus sleep, might rule the day :
 The shepherd listen'd to her song ;
 I fear the shepherd gaz'd too long :
 For as her eyes their beams withdrew,
 Her fatal looks the shepherd flew.

At first he felt uncommon smart,
 And fear'd the boy conceal'd a dart :
 Then faintly turning, “ Child,” said he,
 “ This evil arrow comes from thee.”
 “ O ! shepherd it is no such thing ;
 ‘ Thou had’st my arrow, bow, and string :
 ‘ But now I gues’ for whom you smart ;
 ‘ The nymph you saw has pierc’d your heart.”

SONG *from LOVE IN A VILLAGE.*

With two additional Verses.

HOW much superior beauty awes,
 The coldest bosoms find ;
 But with resistless force it draws,
 To sense and sweetness join'd :
 The casket where, to outward shew,
 The workman's art is seen,
 Is doubly valu'd when we know
 It holds a gem within.

How

How different the flirt appears,
 Whose jokes at random fly !
 At Reasons voice she always sneers,
 And scorns,—she knows not why.
 Her outward form a while may please,
 But soon the empty toy
 Disgusting proves a foe to ease,
 And blights love's tender joy.

Ne'er fix the heart on beauty's pride
 But search the treasur'd mine,
 Where sense and virtue's charms reside,
 Those charms that ne'er decline.
 From such supply, a lasting bliss
 Attends the happy swain,
 Who justly loves, and calls her his—
 All other joys are vain.

The HEAVY HOURS.

THE heavy hours are almost past,
 That part my love and me ;
 My longing eyes may hope, at last,
 Their only wish to see :
 But how, my Delia, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long ?
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble on your tongue ?
 Will you in ev'ry look declare,
 Your heart is still the same,
 And heal each idle, anxious care,
 Our fears in absence frame ?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
 When we shall shortly meet,
 And try what yet remains between,
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that sooths my mind,
 Shall false and groundless prove ;
 If I am doom'd at length to find,
 That you've forgot to love :
 All I of Venus ask, is this,
 No more to let us join ;
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
 To die and think you mine.

A D V I C E *to the FAIR.*

WHERE shall Celia fly for shelter ?
 To what secret grove or cave ?
 Sighs and sonnets sent to melt her,
 From the young, the gay, the brave.
 Tho' with prudish airs she starch her,
 Still she longs and still she burns :
 Cupid shoots like Hayman's archer,
 Wheresoe'er the damsel turns.

Virtue, youth, good sense, and beauty,
 (If discretion guide us not)
 Sometimes are the ruffian's booty,
 Sometimes are the booby's lot :
 Now they're purchas'd by the trader,
 Now commanded by the peer,
 Now some subtle mean invader
 Wins the heart, or gains the ear.

Q discretion :

O discretion ! thou'rt a jewel,
 Or our grand-mamas mistake,
 Stinting flame by bating fuel,
 Always careful and awake.
 Would you keep your pearls from trampers,
 Weigh the licence, weigh the banns :
 Mark my song upon your samplers,
 Wear it on your knots and fans.

STREPHON *and* PHILLIS.

YOUNG Phillis one morning a maying
 would go; [fro,
 When saunt'ring among the sweet meads to and
 In vain did the cowslips her fair hand invite,
 Nor daisies nor daffodils gave her delight :
 Her heart with the throbings of passion did
 move; [love.
 Each bird on the spray could have told her 'twas
 At length she grew weary, and sat by a brook,
 Where Strephon the shepherd was baiting his
 hook :
 Unnotic'd he saw her, and heard her complain ;
 His heart was inflam'd to allay her soft pain ;
 The swain had led many a lass to the grove,
 And he (wicked rogue) thought that Phillis
 wou'd love.

Howe'er,

Howe'er, as her mind was by innocence drest,
'Twas plain that fair virtue was lodg'd in her
breast:

Her beauty was much, but her modesty more,
Which Strephon perceiv'd, and began to adore ;
He knelt at her feet with a garland he wove,
And Phillis consented to make him her love.

The SPINNING-WHEEL.

ONE summer eve, as Nancy fair
Sat spinning in the shade,
While soaring sky-larks shook the air
In warbling o'er her head ;
In tender coos the pigeons woo'd ;
(Love's impulse all must feel)
She sung, but still her work pursu'd
And turn'd her spinning-wheel.

“ While thus I work with rock and reel,
“ So life by time is spun ;
“ And as runs round my spinning-wheel,
“ The world turns up and down :
“ Some rich to-day, to-morrow low,
“ While I no changes feel,
“ But get my bread by sweat of brow,
“ And turn my spinning-wheel.

“ From me let men, and women too,
“ This home-spun lesson learn,
“ Not mind what other people do,
“ But eat the bread they earn :

“ If

“ If none were fed, were that to be,
 “ But what deserv'd a meal,
 “ Some Ladies then, as well as me,
 “ Must turn the spinning-wheel.

The rural toast, with sweetest tone,
 Thus sung her wileless strain,
 When o'er the lawn limp'd gammer Joan,
 And brought home Nancy's swain :
 “ Come,” cries the dame, “ Nance, here's thy
 “ Away throw rock and reel : ” [spouse ;
 Blyth Nancy with the bonny news
 O'erset her spinning-wheel.

The T H O R N.

YOUNG Strephon, the artless, the dangerous swain,
 My love and esteem has attempted to gain ;
 With the same wicked arts he so oft had betray'd,
 He thought to seduce one more innocent maid :
 But appriz'd of his pow'r, of my weakness aware,
 I baffled his scheme, and avoided the snare ;
 For virtue I love, and was taught in my dawn,
 When I gather'd the rose to beware of the thorn.

His

His tears I neglected, his oaths I despis'd ;
 For his heart by those tears, by those oaths, he
 disguis'd :

What presents he brought me I chose to decline,
 (The prodigal bounty of art and design :)
 He coax'd, and he flatter'd, but flatter'd in vain,
 And practis'd each art, on my weakness to gain :
 Protected by prudence, I laugh'd him to scorn ;
 Tho' I fancy'd the rose, yet I dreaded the thorn.

He wantonly boasted what nymphs he had won,
 What credulous beauties his arts had undone ;
 He swore that his faith should inviolate be,
 That his heart and those fair ones were victims
 to me :

I told him those victims, and faith, I'd despise,
 And from such examples would learn to be wise ;
 That I never would prostitute virtue to scorn,
 Or smell at a rose, to be hurt by the thorn.

Was the perjur'd betrayer ashame'd of his guilt,
 Was his passion on virtue, not wantonness, built ;
 Was his heart as sincere as his oaths are profane,
 I could fancy (I own I could fancy) the swain :
 But experience has taught me 'tis dang'rous to
 trust,

And folly to think he can ever be just ;
 So I'll stifle my flame, and reject him with scorn,
 Lest I grasp at the rose, and be hurt by the thorn.

The ROVER CAUGHT.

ON pleasure's smooth wings how old time
 steals away,
 Ere love's fatal flame leads the shepherd astray!
 My days, O ye swains! were a round of delight,
 From the cool of the morn to the stillness of night:
 No care found a place in my cottage, or breast;
 But health or content all the year was my guest.

'Twas then no fair Phillis my heart cou'd ensnare
 With voice or with feature, with dress or with air:
 So kindly young Cupid had pointed the dart,
 That I gather'd the sweets, but I miss'd of the
 smart:
 I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like a bee;
 But still all my song was, " I'll ever be free."

'Twas then ev'ry object fresh raptures did yield:
 If I stray'd thro' the garden, or travers'd the
 field, fight:
 Ten thousand gay scenes were display'd to my
 If the nightingale sung, I could listen all night;
 With my reed I could pipe to the tune of the
 stream,
 And wake to new life from a rapturous dream.

But

But now, since for Hebe in secret I sigh,
 Alas ! what a change ! and how wretched am I !
 Adieu to the charms of the valley and glade ;
 Their sweets now all sicken, their colours all fade ;
 No music I find in soft Philomel's strain,
 And the brook o'er the pebbles now murmurs
 in vain.

They say that she's kind, but no kindness I see ;
 On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me ;
 Then teach me, bright Venus, persuasion's soft
 art,
 Or aid me, by reason, to ransom my heart ;
 To crown my desire, or to banish my pain,
 Give love to the nymph, or give ease to the swain.

C O L I N and P H I L L I S.

Colin.

HARK ! hark ! o'er the plains what glad tu-
 muits I hear ! pear !
 How gay all the nymphs and the shepherds ap-
 With myrtles and roses new deck'd are the bow'rs,
 And ev'ry bush bears a garland of flow'r's.
 I can't, for my life, what it means understand ;
 There's some rural festival surely at hand ;
 Nor harvest, nor sheep-sheering, now can take
 place ; [Phillis enters.
 But Phillis will tell me the truth of the case.

Phillis.

Phillis.

The truth, honest lad ?--- Why surely you know
 What rites are prepar'd in the village below,
 Where gallant young Thrysis, so fam'd and
 ador'd,
 Weds Daphne, the sister of Corin our lord ;
 That Daphne, whose beauty, good-nature, and
 ease, [please ;
 All fancies can strike, and all judgments can
 That Corin—but praise must the matter give o'er ;
 You know what he is—and I need say no more.

Colin.

Young Thrysis, too, claims all that honour can
 lend, [friend,
 His countrymen's glory, their champion and
 Tho' such slight memorials scarce speak his de-
 ferts ; [hearts.
 Yet, trust me, his name is engrav'd on their

Phillis.

But hence, to the bridal, behold how they
 throng !
 Each shepherd conducting his sweetheart along :
 The joyous occasion all nature inspires
 With tender affections, and cheerful desires.

Duetto.

Ye pow'rs, that o'er conjugal union preside,
 All-gracious look down on the bridegroom and
 bride,
 That beauty, and virtue, and valour may shine
 In a race like themselves, with no end to the line :

C

May

May honour and glory, and riches and praise,
 Unceasing attend them thro' numerous days;
 And while in a palace fate fixes their lot,
 Oh ! may they live happy as those in a cot !

The FULL FLOWING BOWL.

THE swain, with his flock, by a brook loves
 to rest,
 With soft rural lays to drive grief from his breast;
 The fop, light as air, loves himself to behold ;
 The Briton, his foe—and the miser, his gold.
 The pleasures I chuse, yield more to my soul,
 The delight of my heart is a full flowing bowl.

The huntsman fatig'd with the toil of the chace,
 By the side of a fountain delights to solace ;
 At his mistress's feet the fond lover to whine ;
 The beau, at the play or assembly to shine.
 The pleasures I chuse, &c.

My Chloe's in rapture, to hear herself prais'd ;
 The courtier, to find that his income is rais'd :
 Some nymphs love the town, and in jewels to
 shine,
 And some spiritless lovers, in silence to pine.
 The pleasures I chuse, &c.

Some

Some cards love, some coffee, some dice, and
some tea ; [play ;
Some talking, some fiddling, some dancing, some
Their choices are dull—there's a spirit in wine,
That more than enlivens with rapture divine :
That pleasure I chuse, it yields joy to my soul ;
The delight of my heart is a full flowing bowl.

A SONG from Midas.

LOVELY nymph, assuage my anguish,
At your feet a tender swain
lays you will not let him languish ;
One kind look would ease his pain.
Did you know the lad who courts you,
He not long need sue in vain ;
Prince of song, of dance and sports—you
Scarce will meet his like again.

A SONG from Artaxerxes.

WATER parted from the sea,
May increase the river's tide,
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or thro' fertile vallies glide.
Though, in search of lost repose,
Thro' the land 'tis free to roam,
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Panting for its native home.

A HUNTING SONG.

A WAY to the field, see the morning looks grey,
And sweetly bedappled, forebodes a fine day ;
The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,
And carol aloud to be led to the chace.

Then hark in the morn, to the call of the horn,
And join with the jovial crew,
While the season invites, with all it's delights,
The health-giving chace to pursue.

How charming the sight when Aurora first dawns,
To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns ;
To welcome the sun, now returning from rest,
Their matins they chaunt as they merrily quest.

Then hark, &c.

But oh ! how each bosom with transport it fills,
To start just as Phœbus peeps over the hills ;
While joyous, from valley to valley, resounds
The shouts of the hunters, and cry of the hounds.

Then hark, &c.

See how the brave huntsmen, with courage elate,
Fly hedges and ditches, or top the barr'd gate ;
Borne by their bold coursers no dangers they fear,
But give to the winds all vexation and care.

Then hark, &c.

Ye cits, for the chace quit the joys of the town,
And scorn the dull pleasure of sleeping in down ;
Un-

Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,
Our's still is repaid with contentment and health.
Then hark, &c.

The OXONIAN IN TOWN.

By GEO. ALEX. STEVENS.

NOW we are from college rules,
And system's out of season ;
From lumber of the lying schools,
And syilogistic reason :
We never more will have defin'd,
If matter thinks or thinks not ;
All the matter we shall mind,
Is he who drinks or drinks not. *Tol de rol, &c.*

Metaphysics serve to prove
The mind or soul abstracted ;
To prove infinity of space,
By cause and cause effected ;
Better souls we can't become,
By immaterial thinking ;
And, as for space, we want no room,
But room enough to drink in.

Plenum, vacuum, minus, plus,
Are learned words, and rare too ;
Those terms our tutors made us curse,
And those who please may hear too :

A plenum in our wine we shew,
 With plus and plus behind, sir,
 And when our cash runs minus low,
 A vacuum soon we find, sir.

Newton talks of lights and shades,
 And diff'rent colours new, sir ;
 Don't let us disturb our heads,
 We need but study two, sir :
 White and red our glasses boast,
 True humour's rarefaction ;
 After him we'll take our toast,
 The center of attraction.

On this thesis we'll declaim,
 With stratum super stratum ;
 There's magic in the mighty name,
 'Tis nature's postulatum :
 Wine in nature's next to love,
 Then wisely let us blend 'em ;
 And metaphysically prove,
 Nunc tempus est bibendum.

D E L I A.

SICK of the town, fair Delia flew
 To contemplation's rural seat ;
 Adieu, she cry'd, vain world, adieu,
 Fools only study to be great :
 The book, the lamp, the hermit's cell,
 The moss-grown walls, the matted floor ;
 All these she had—'twas mighty well ;
 But yet she wanted something more.

Back

Back to the busy world again

She soon return'd, in hopes to find
Ease for imaginary pain,

Quiet of heart, and peace of mind :
Gay scenes of grandeur ev'ry hour,
By turns her fickle fancy fill ;
The world seem'd all within her pow'r ;
But yet she wanted something still.

Cities and groves, by turns, were try'd ;

'Twas all, ye fair, an idle tale,
Delia at length became a bride,
A bride to Damon of the vale :
Behold, at once the gloom was clear'd ;
Damon was kind ;--and from that hour
Each place a paradise appear'd,
And Delia wanted nothing more.

The T O P E R.

THO' I reel to and fro, good liquor to find,
Strong beer, wine and punch, tis 'all to
my mind,
Yet I wear a sound heart true to George our king,
And tho' ragged and poor, why, I'll pay my
reck'ning.

Tho' I reel to and fro, yet I'd have you to know,
There are topers in high life as well as in low.

The

The statesman he topes, and he lays down a plan,
How all your French foes may be kill'd to a man:
When the juice of the grape has fir'd his brain,
What numbers of glasses and bottles are slain.

Tho' I reel, &c.

The doctor says drinking our health does impair,
That slow poison dwells in wine, punch, and
strong beer;

Yet he'll take his glass freely, old care for to kill:
It agrees with him better than bolus or pill.

Tho' I reel, &c.

The rosy fac'd parson, who prays for our souls,
And absolves all our sins over bottles and bowls;
Tho' he hates the French king, here his charity
shines,

Shewing love to his foes in drinking French wines.

Tho' I reel, &c.

Your council can't plead without moist'ning the
clay,

For which the poor client is sure for to pay:
Evasions and errors, quirks, quibbles, and flaws,
Are the fruits of the bottle, to mend a lame cause.

Tho' I reel, &c.

A medium is best in what station we are,
For the business of life we can better prepare:
Your statesman, your physic, your parson, and law,
When stupid with liquor, no talents can shew.

Tho' I reel, &c.

The ADVANTAGES of MASONRY.

A Mason's daughter, fair and young,
 The pride of all the virgin throng,
 Thus to her lover said :
 Though, Damon, I your flaine approve,
 Your actions praise, your person love,
 Yet still I'll live a maid.

None shall untie my virgin zone,
 But one to whom the secret's known
 Of fam'd free masonry ;
 In which the great and good combine
 To raise, with generous design,
 Man to felicity.

The lodge excludes the fop and fool,
 The plodding knave, and party tool,
 That liberty would sell :
 The noble, faithful, and the brave,
 No golden charms can e'er deceive,
 In slavery to dwell.

This said, he bow'd, and went away ;
 Apply was made, without delay
 Return'd to her again ;
 The fair one granted his request,
 Connubial joys their days have blest ;
 And may they e'er remain.

The DELIGHTS of the CHACE.

DO you hear, brother sportsman, the sound
of the horn,
And yet the sweet pleasure decline ;
For shame, rouse your senses, and ere it is morn,
With me the sweet melody join :
Thro' the wood and the valley, the traitor we'll
rally,
Nor quit him till panting he lies ;
While hounds in full cry, thro' hedges shall fly,
And chace the swift hare till she dies.

Then saddle your steed, to the meadows and fields,
Both willing and joyous repair ;
No pastime in life greater happiness yields,
Than chasing the fox or the hare :
For such comforts, my friend, on the sportsman
attend,
No pleasure like hunting is found ;
For when it is o'er, as brisk as before,
Next morning we spurn up the ground.

The HARE-HUNTERS.

HARK ! hark ! the joy-inspiring horn,
Salutes the rosy, rising morn,
And echoes thro' the dale ;
With clam'rous peals the hills resound,
The hounds quick-scented scow'r the ground,
And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor

Nor gates nor hedges can impede
 The brisk, high-mettled, starting steed
 The jovial pack pursue ;
 Like light'ning darting o'er the plains,
 The distant hills with speed he gains,
 And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,
 And to the copse for shelter makes.
 There pants a-while for breath ;
 When now the noise alarms her ear,
 Her haunt's descry'd, her fate is near,
 She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,
 The hounds their trembling victim seize,
 She faints, she falls, she dies ;
 The distant coursers now come in,
 And join the loud triumphant din,
 Till echo rends the skies.

SWEET PASSION *of* LOVE.

THIS cold flinty heart it is you who have
 warm'd,
 You waken'd my passions, my senses have
 charm'd ;
 In vain against merit and Cymon I strove ;
 What's life without passion, sweet passion of love ?

The

The frost nips the buds, and the rose cannot blow;
From the youth that is frost-nip'd no rapture
can flow :

Elysium to him but a desert will prove ;
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love ?

The spring should be warm, the young season
be gay,

Her birds and her flow'rets make blithesome
sweet May.

Love blesses the cottage, and sings thro' the grove,
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love ?

· G E N E R O U S L O V E. ·

LOVE's a gentle gen'rous passion,
Source of all sublime delights,
which, with mutual inclination,
Two fond hearts in one unites.

What are titles, pomp, and riches,
If compar'd with true content ?
That false joy, which now bewitches,
When obtain'd, we may repent.

Lawless passions bring vexation ;
But a chaste and constant love
Is a glorious emanation
Of the blisful state above.

RURAL HAPPINESS.

IN the morn, as I walk thro' the mead,
And tread on a carpet of green ;
When I view the sweet flocks as they feed,
What equals the beautiful scene :
Thro' the groves do I pass with delight,
In viewing yon ever-green pine ;
What sensations I feel at the sight
Of a prospect so rural and fine.

Hark the birds as they perch on the bow,
With melody pleasing the ear ;
See the hind from afar with his plow,
Denoting the time of the year :
As I stray thro' the neighbouring vale,
Encompas'd by mountains so high ;
O what charms do I find in the dale,
By the stream that runs bubbling by.

At the foot of yon sycamore tree,
Sits the shepherd a tuning his reed ;
While his lambs frolick round him with glee,
His sheep along-side of him feed :
O'er yon beautiful lawn do I see
The hare with timidity fly ;
How delightful's the music to me,
Of the echoing dogs in full cry.

But what harmony's that which I hear ;
'Tis the bells from yon neighbouring vill ;
O how pleasing the sound to my ear,
By the side of this murmuring rill :

D

There

There is no pleasure to me so sweet,
 As that which the country gives ;
 I am happy, thank God, at my seat,
 Where rural felicity lives.

The WONDERFUL OLD MAN.

THERE was an old man, and tho' its not common,
 Yet, if he said true, he was born of a woman ;
 And tho' it's incredible, yet I have been told,
 He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.

Whene'er he was hungry he long'd for some meat,
 And if he could get it, 'twas said he wou'd eat ;
 When thirsty, he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,
 And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.

He seldom or ever cou'd see without light,
 And yet I have been told, he could hear in the night ;

He has oft been awake in the day time, 'tis said,
 And has fallen asleep as he lay in his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he talk'd,

And he stirr'd both his arms and his legs when he walk'd ;

And his gait was so odd, had you seen him you'd burst,

For one leg or t'other would always be first.

His

His face was the oddest that ever was seen,
For if 'twas not wash'd, it was seldom quite clean :
He shew'd most his teeth, when he happen'd to grin,
And his mouth stood acros' twixt his nose and
his chin.

Among other strange things that befel this good
yeoman,

He was married, poor soul, and his wife was a
woman ;

And unless by that liar Miss Fame we're beguil'd,
We may roundly affirm he was never with child.

At last he fell sick, as old chronicles tell,
And then, as folks said, he was not very well ;
But what is more strange, in so weak a condition,
As he cou'd not give fees, he cou'd get no phy-
sician.

What pity he died, yet, 'tis said, that his death
Was occasion'd, at last, by the want of his breath ;
But peace to his bones that in ashes now moulder,
Had he liv'd a day longer, he'd been a day older.

FAIR H E B E.

FAIR Hebe I left with a cautious design,
To escape from her charms, and to drown
'em in wine :
I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,
The wine in my head, but still love in my heart.

I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid,
Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance
weigh'd,

Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my pray'r,
That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, reply'd I've no need to be taught,
I came for your counsel to find out a fault ;
If that's all, quoth reason, return as you came,
To find fault with Hebe would forfeit my name :
What hopes then, alas ! of relief from my pain,
While like lightning she darts thro' each throb-
bing vein ;

My senses, surpriz'd in her favour, took arms,
And reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

VARIETY is CHARMING.

I'M in love with twenty ;
And could adore as many more,
For nothing's like a plenty.

Variety is charming :
For constancy is not for me,
So ladies you have warning.

He that has but one love,
Looks as poor as any boor,
Or like a man with one glove.
Variety, &c.

Not

Not the fine regalia
 Of eastern kings, the poet sings,
 But oh ! the fine seraglio.

Variety, &c.

Girls grow old and ugly,
 And can't inspire the same desire
 As when they're young and smugly.

Variety, &c.

Why has Cupid pinions,
 If not to fly thro' all the sky,
 And see his favourite minions.

Variety, &c.

Love was born of Beauty ;
 And when she goes, the urchin knows,
 To follow is his duty.

Variety, &c.

The D A N G E R S of the S E A.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
 List ye landsmen all to me ;
 Mates hear a brother sailor,
 Sing the dangers of the sea :
 From bounding billows, first in motion,
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,
 To the tempest troubled ocean,
 Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
 By topsail-sheets, and haulyards stand ;
 Down top-gallants quick be hawling,
 Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand !
 Now it freshens, set the braces,
 The topsail-sheets now let go ;
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
 Up your top-sails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms ;
 Fresh enjoyments, wanton courting,
 Safe from all but love's alarms :
 Round us roars the tempest louder,
 Think what fears our minds enthrall ;
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
 Now again the boatswain calls :

The topsail-yards point to the wind, boys,
 See all clear to reef each course ;
 Let the fore-sheet go—dont mind, boys,
 Tho' the weather should be worse.
 Fore and aft the sprit-sail-yard get,
 Reef the mizen, see all clear ;
 Hands up, each preventer brace set,
 Man the fore-yard—cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
 Peal on peal contending clash ;
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash :

One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky ;
 Different deaths at once surround us,—
 Hark ! what means that dreadful cry.

The foremast's gone ! cries every tongue out ;
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck ;
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out ;
 Call all hands to clear the wreck :
 Quick the lanyards cut to pieces ;
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold !
 Plumb the well, the leak increases,
 Four feet water in the hold !

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
 We for wives or children mourn ;
 Alas ! from hence there's no retreating ;
 Alas ! from hence there's no return :
 Still the leak is gaining on us,
 Both chain-pumps are choak'd below ;
 Heav'n have mercy here upon us,
 For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys ;
 Let the guns o'er-board be thrown ;
 To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys ;
 See our mizen-mast is gone :
 The leak we've found, it can't pour fast ;
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;
 Up, and rig a jury fore-mast ;
 She rights, she rights, boys, wear off shore.

Now

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind fortune fav'd our lives ;
 Come, the cann, boys, let's be drinking
 To our sweethearts and our wives :
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
 Close to th' lips a brimmer join ;
 Where's the tempest now, who feels it,
 None, our danger's drown'd in wine.

C O N T E N T.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, bar-
 ren, and bare,
 As wearied and wilder'd I roam,
 A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
 And leads me o'er lawns to her home ;
 Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had
 crown'd,
 Green rushes were strew'd on the floor,
 Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly
 round,
 And deck'd the sod seats at the door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
 Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best ;
 Whilst thrown from my guard, by some glances
 she cast,
 Love slyly stole into my breast :
 I told my soft wishes, she sweetly reply'd,
 (Ye virgins, her voice was divine !)
 I've rich one's rejected, and great ones deny'd,
 Yet take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine.

Her

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
 So simple, tho' sweet, were her charms ;
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
 And lock'd the dear maid in my arms :
 Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
 And if on the banks by the stream,
 Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
 Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the flow-riſing hills,
 Delighted with pastoral views ;
 Or rest on the rock, whence the streamlet distils,
 And mark out new themes for my muse.
 To pomp, or proud titles, she ne'er did aspire,
 The damsel's of humble descent ;
 The cottager Peace is well known for her fire,
 The shepherds have nam'd her Content.

The BUMPER of WINE.

YE vot'ries of Bacchus who love a full flask,
 Who jovially sing to the sound of the cask,
 Who stint not your mirth when grave Time
 strikes the hour,
 But swiftly pursue the old grey-headed Power ;
 As a friend give me leave then your mirth to
 prolong,
 While you circle the glass—to repeat you a song.

Ne'er heed the dull asses who always strife,
 Still war with themselves and the pleasures of
 life ;

Let

Let them whine, cant and preach, and do all that
they can,

Let us, like true souls, make the most of a span;
At their satisfaction let us never repine,
While we can find more in a bumper of wine.

Good wine's the best gift that the gods can be-
fow,

To give us a taste of their heaven below ;
It's charms are beyond the description of art,
It warms, it enlivens, makes joyous the heart ;
The young and the old, 'twill their senses refine
Such charms there are found in a bumper of wine'

The lover who sighs for his fair-one unkind,
Has found in a bottle a balm for his mind ;
The miser who doats on his hoarded-up store,
By chance has been blest as he ne'er was before,
When Bacchus has given him the juice of the vine;
Such charms there are found in a bumper of wine.

Then give me your voices, ye friends to the
cause,

For surely the subject demands your applause ;
This truth I declare, and I'd have the world
know it,

'Tis wine that at present has made me a poet :
Then fill me a glass of this liquor divine,
And let this be the toast, here's a bumper of
wine.

J O C K E Y.

MY Jockey is the blitheſt lad
 That e'er young maid did woo ;
 When he appears my heart is glad,
 For he is kind and true.
 He talks of love whene'er we meet,
 His words in rapture flow ;
 Then tunes his pipe, and sings so sweet,
 I have not pow'r to go.

All other laſſes he forsakes,
 And flies to me alone ;
 At ev'ry fair, or other wakes,
 I hear the maidens moan.
 He buys me toys and sweetmeats too,
 And ribbons for my hair :—
 What swain was ever half so true,
 Or half so kind and fair ?

Where'er I go, I nothing fear,
 If Jockey is but by ;
 For I alone am all his care,
 Whenever danger's nigh.
 He vows to wed next Whitsunday,
 And make me bleſt for life ;
 Can I refuse, ye maidens, fay,
 To be young Jockey's wife ?

The

The BIRD.

THE Bird that hears her nestlings cry,
 And flies abroad for food,
 Returns impatient through the sky
 To nurse her callow brood :
 The tender mother knows no joy,
 But bodes a thousand harms,
 And sickens for the darling boy,
 While absent from her arms.

Such fondness with impatience join'd,
 My faithful bosom fires,
 Now forc'd to leave my fair behind
 The queen of my desires.
 The pow'rs of verse too languid prove,
 All similes are vain,
 To shew how ardently I love,
 Or to relieve my pain.

The saint, with fervent zeal inspir'd
 For Heav'n and joys divine,
 The saint is not with rapture fit'd,
 More pure, more warm than mine.
 I take what liberty I dare,
 'Twere impious to say more ;
 Convey my longings to the fair,
 The goddess I adore.

The LINNETS.

AS bringing home the other day
 Two linnets I had ta'en,
 The pretty warblers seem'd to pray
 For liberty again.
 Unheedful of their plaintive notes
 I sang across the mead ;
 In vain they tun'd their downy throats,
 And flutter'd to be freed.
 In vain, &c.

As passing thro' the tufted grove,
 Near which my cottage stood,
I thought I saw the Queen of Love,
 When Clora's charms I view'd.
I gaz'd, I lov'd, I press'd her stay,
 To hear my tender tale ;
 But all in vain, she fled away,
 Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon thro' the wound which love had made
 Came pity to my breast ;
And thus I, as compassion bade,
 The feather'd pair address'd :
Ye little warblers, chearful be,
 Remember not ye flew ;
For I, who thought myself so free,
 Am far more caught than you.

The SWEETS of FRIENDSHIP.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
And friendship's a jewel we seldom can
meet;

How strange does it seem that in searching a-
This source of content is so rare to be found ?
O, friendship ! thou balm, and rich sweetner
of life ;

Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife ;
Without thee, alas ! what are riches and pow'r,
But empty delusion, the joys of an hour ?

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
On whom we may always with safety depend ?
Our joys, when extended, will always increase,
And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace :
When fortune is smiling, what crowds will ap-
pear,

Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere ;
Yet change but the prospect, and point out
distress,

No longer to court you they eagerly press.

How diff'rent from this does the true friend ap-
pear,

In all turns of fortune we equally share ;
If he's blest, then we're happy ; but if he's op-
press'd,

No ease can be found in a generous breast :

We're

We're blest in each other's endeavour to please,
 For what are all joys, if our friend's not at ease ;
 Then don't, my dear Myra, all friendship disdain,
 For friendship's a jewel no wealth can obtain.

The B R I T I S H F A I R.

PHŒBUS, meaner themes disdaining,
 To the lyrist's call repair ;
 And, the strings to rapture straining,
 Come and praise the British fair.

Chiefs throughout the land victorious,
 Born to conquer and to spare,
 Were not gallant, were not glorious,
 Till commanded by the fair.

All the works of worth or merit,
 Which the sons of art prepare,
 Have no pleasure, life, nor spirit,
 But as borrow'd from the fair.

Reason is as weak as passion,
 But if you for truth declare,
 Worth and manhood are the fashion
 Favour'd by the British fair.

TAKE ME JENNY.

SWEETEST of pretty maids, let Cupid incline thee ;
 T' accept of a faithful heart which now I resign thee ;
 Scorning all selfish ends, regardless of money,
 It yields only to the girl that's gen'rous and bonny.
 Take me Jenny, let me win you,
 While I'm in the humour ;
 I implore you, I adore you,
 What can mortal do more ?
 Kiss upon't, kiss upon't, turn not so shyly,
 There's my hand, there's my hand, 'twill never beguile thee.

Bright are thy lovely eyes, thy sweet lips delighting,
 Well polish'd thy iv'ry neck, thy round arms inviting ;
 Oft at the milk-white churn with rapture I've seen them,
 But oh ! how I've sigh'd and wish'd my own arms between them.

I've store of sheep, my love, and goats on the mountain,
 And water to brew good ale from yon crystal fountain ;
 I've too a pretty cot, with garden and land to't,
 But all will be doubly sweet if you put a hand to't.

A DAWN of HOPE.

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,
And banishes despair :
If yet my dearest Damon lives,
Make him, ye gods, your care.

Dispel those gloomy shades of night,
My tender griefs remove ;
O send some cheering ray of light,
And guide me to my love.

Thus in a secret friendly shade,
The pensive Cælia mourn'd,
While courteous echo lent her aid,
And sigh for sigh return'd.

When sudden Damon's well known face
Each rising fear disarm'd ;
He eager springs to her embrace,
She sinks into his arms.

The GENEROUS CONFESSION.

TOO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare ;
But, for Love's sake, let it suffice,
You reign triumphant there :
Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
Nor farther urge your sway ;
Press not for what I must deny,
For fear I should obey,

But, could your arts successful prove,
 Would you a Maid undo,
 Whose greatest failing is her love,
 And that her love for you ?
 Say, would you use that very pow'r,
 You from her fondness claim,
 To ruin, in one fatal hour,
 A life of spotless fame ?

Ah ! cease my dear, to do an ill
 Because perhaps you may,
 But rather try your utmost skill
 To save me, than betray ;
 Be you yourself my virtuous guard ;
 Defend, and not pursue ;
 Since 'tis a task for me too hard
 To strive with love and you.

SOFT PLEASING PAINS.

SOFT pleasing pains unknown before
 My beating bosom feels,
 When I behold the blissful bow'r
 Where dearest Delia dwells.
 That way I daily drive my flock,
 (Ah happy, happy vale !)
 There look and wish, and, while I look,
 My sighs increase the gale.

Sometimes

Sometimes at midnight do I stray,
 Beneath inclement skies,
 And there my true devotion pay
 To Delia's sleep-seal'd eyes.
 So pious pilgrims nightly roam,
 With tedious travel faint,
 To kiss alone the clay-cold tomb
 Of some lov'd fav'rite saint

FAITHLESS PHILLIS.

FAREWEL, ye green fields and sweet groves,
 Where Phillis engag'd my fond heart ;
 Where nightingales warble their loves,
 And nature is dress'd without art.
 No pleasure they now can afford,
 Nor music can lull me to rest ;
 For Phillis proves false to her word,
 And Strephon can never be blest.

Oft'times by the side of a spring,
 Where roses and lillies appear,
 Gay Phillis of Strephon would sing ;
 For Strephon was all she held dear.
 So soon as she found by my eyes,
 The passion that glow'd in my breast,
 She then, to my grief and surprize,
 Prov'd all she had said was a jest.

Too

Too soon, to my sorrow, I find
 The beauties alone that will last
 Are those that are fix'd in the mind,
 Which envy or time cannot blast.
 Beware, then, beware how we trust
 Coquets who to love make pretence ;
 For Phillis to me had been just
 If nature had bless'd her with sense.

The F O X - H U N T E R S.

COME rouse, brother sportsmen, the hunters
 all cry,
 We've got a strong scent and a favouring sky ;
 The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's early
 song,
 Will chide the dull sportsman for sleeping so long.

Bright Phœbus has shewn us the glimpse of his face,
 Peep'd in at our windows and call'd to the chace ;
 He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
 And makes the fields blush with the beams of
 his ray.

Sweet Molly may teize you perhaps to lie down,
 And if you refuse her perhaps she may frown ;
 But tell her, sweet love must to hunting give place,
 For as well as her charms, there are charms in
 the chace.

Look

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy,
 At his brush nimbly follow brisk Chanter and Fly ;
 They seize on their prey, see his eye-balls, they roll ;
 We're in at the death, now go home to the bowl.

There we'll fill up our glasses and toast to the king,
 From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring ;
 To George, peace and glory may heaven dispense,
 And Fox-hunters flourish a thousand years hence.

C O T I L L O N S O N G.

By Miss SWIFT, of Worcester.

LONG young Jockey toy'd and sported,
 Long he try'd each winning art ;
 Long with silent glances courted,
 Ere he won my wifel's heart :
 Oft he prest my hand, too yielding,
 Oft he kiss'd, and oft he smil'd ;
 No reserve my bosom shielding,
 Chloe's heart he soon beguil'd.
 But when he my inclination
 Had subdu'd—the faithless swain !—
 Can ye hear it, maids, with patience !
 Soon, too soon, forsook the plain :
 Leaving the maid a prey to young Cupid,
 Whose only fault was her seeming too kind :
 Surely the youth was grown very stupid, [hind.
 To think that the sting would remain long be-
 Tell

Tell me, ye swains, tell me, ye swains,
 Could you do so? would you do so?
 Could you, would you, would you, could you,
 Could you have serv'd a maiden so?

Soon as I had lost my lover,
 Fool! I fate me down and cried;
 Rail'd at fate, and curs'd the rover,
 Sigh'd and sobb'd, and sobb'd and sigh'd.
 I no breakfast eat nor dinner,
 Supperless I went to bed;
 I a loser, he no winner,
 A lucky thought came in my head;
 Why should I, my bloom destroying,
 Vex and teize my soul away?
 No, the sweets of life enjoying,
 I will taste the sweets of May.
 Just as the rose, the bee flying from her,
 That blushes and bustles at ev'ry wind:
 So Chloe's resolv'd to laugh thro' the summer,
 To ev'ry new swain be gentle and kind.
 Tell me, ye maids, &c.
 Could you have served a rover so?

The S E P A R A T I O N.

WHEN forc'd from dear Hebe to go,
 What anguish I felt at my heart!
 And I thought, but it might not be so,
 She was sorry to see me depart.

The

She cast such a languishing view,
 My path I could scarcely discern,
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought that she bade me return.

Methinks she might like to retire
 To the grove I had labour'd to rear;
 For whatever I heard her admire,
 I hastened and planted it there.
 Her voice such a pleasure conveys,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her speak, and, whatever she says,
 I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now, e'er I haste to the plain,
 Come, shepherds, and talk of her ways,
 I could lay down my life for the swain,
 That would sing her a song in her praise.
 While he sings, may the maids of the town
 Come flocking, and listen a while;
 Nor on him let Hebe once frown,—
 But I cannot allow her to smile.

To see, when my charmer goes by,
 Some hermit peeps out of his cell,
 How he thinks of his youth with a sigh,
 How fondly he wishes her well.
 On him she may smile, if she please,
 'Twill warm the cold bosom of age;
 But cease, gentle Hebe, O cease!
 Such softness will ruin the sage.

I've stole from no flow'rets that grow,
 To paint the dear charms I approve;
 For what can a blessing bestow
 So sweet, so delightful as love ?
 I sing in a rustical way,
 A shepherd, and one of the throng,
 Yet Hebe approves of my lay,
 Go, poets, and envy my song.

D O I F Y O U D A R E.

BENEATH yonder hawthorn that blooms in
 the shade,
 All lovely as Venus I met a fair maid ;
 Her name was Celinda, and words are too faint,
 Her sweetness, her ease, or her beauty, to paint.
 I attempted to ravish a kiss from the fair,
 But enrag'd she repuls'd me, with Do if you dare.

This repulse did but add to the joys that, before,
 From each smile, from each dimple, had fir'd
 me all o'er.

Transported with passion, I kneel'd, sigh'd, and
 pray'd,

And swore I should die if my bliss was delay'd :
 But pray'rs nor entreaties could move, for the fair,
 When I offered a freedom, cried, Do if you dare.

I now

I now chang'd my tone, said that wedlock should
prove

How sincere were my vows, and constant my love ;
That the parson our hearts and our hands should
unite,

And Hymen the labour of Cupid requite :
She blushing look'd down with delight in her air,
And in fault'ring confusion cried, Do if you dare.

At her word then I took her, with rapture to
prove

That we dar'd to be constant, if guided by love ;
Her scruples are banish'd, my mind is at ease,
And I need but request it to kiss when I please ;
For often I've heard her with pleasure declare,
That she'd ne'er be averse, nor cry, Do if you dare.

M O G *the* B R U N E T T E.

YOUNG Jocky he courted sweet Mog the
Brunette,

Who had lips like carnations and eyes black as jet' ;
He coax'd and he weeded, and talk'd with his
eyes,

And look'd, as all lovers do, wonderful wise !

Then he swore like a lord how her charms he
ador'd ;

That she'd soon put an end to his suff'rings
implor'd ;

For a heart unawares thus his trammels he set,
And soon made a conquest of Mog the Brunette.

They pannel'd their dobbins and rode to the fair,
Still kissing and fondling until they came there ;
They call'd at the church and in wedlock were
join'd,

And Jocky was happy, for Moggy was kind.
'Twas now honey-moon, time expir'd too soon ;
They revel'd in pleasure, night, morning, and
noon ;

He call'd her his charmer, his joy, and his pet,
And the lasses all envy'd sweet Mog the Brunette.

Then home they return'd, but return'd most
unkind ;

For Jocky rode on, and left Moggy behind ;
Surpriz'd at this treatment, she call'd to her mate,
" Why Jocky, you're alter'd most strangely of
late !"

" Come on, fool, (he cry'd) thou now art my
bride,

And when folks are wed they set fooling aside."

Hard names and foul worts were the best she
could get ;

Strange usage this sure for sweet Mog the
Brunette.

He took home poor Moggy new conduct to learn ;
She brush'd up the house, while he thatch'd the
old barn ;

They laid in a stock for the cares that ensue,
And now live as man and wife usually do ;

As their humours excite, they kifs and they fight,
 'Twixt kindness and feuds paſſ the morn, noon,
 and night ;
 To his sorrow he finds with his match he has met,
 And wishes the devil had Mog the Brunette.

The LASS with the DELICATE AIR.

YOUNG Molly, who lives at the foot of the hill,

Whose fame ev'ry virgin with envy does fill,
 Of beauty is bleſſ'd with ſo ample a ſhare,
 That men call her the lass with the delicate air.

One ev'ning laſt May as I travers'd the grove,
 In thoughtleſs retirement, not dreaming of love,
 I chanc'd to eſpy the gay nymph, I declare,
 And really ſhe'd got a moſt delicate air.

By a murmuring brook, on a green moſly bed,
 A chaplet composing, the fair-one was laid ;
 Surpriz'd and transported, I could not forbear,
 With raptures to gaze on her delicate air.

For that moment young Cupid ſelected a dart,
 And pierc'd, without pity, my innocent heart ;
 And from thence how to gain the dear maid was
 my care ;

For a captive I fell to her delicate air.

When she saw me, she blush'd, and complain'd I
was rude,

And begg'd of all things that I would not intrude;
I answer'd, I could not tell how I came there,
But laid all the blame on her delicate air :

Said her heart was the prize which I sought to
obtain,

And hop'd that she'd give it to ease my fond pain.
She neither rejected nor granted my pray'r,
But fir'd all my soul with her delicate air.

A thousand times o'er I've repeated my suit,
But still the tormentor affects to be mute :
Then tell me, ye swains who have conquer'd the
fair,
How to win the dear lass with the delicate air.

A SONG in Artaxerxes.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant love
A conquest I believ'd,
The flatt'ring error cease to prove,
O let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
Which love did first create ;
What was my pride is now my shame,
And must be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind
The weakness of my heart ;
Which, ah ! I feel too much inclin'd
To take the traitor's part.

The GAME of BO-PEEP.

ALL neighbours I pray to my ditty attend,
 A On words and fair looks, who are apt to
 depend ;
 To yourselves you must trust fortune's favours to
 heap,
 For the promise of friends is a game at bo-peep.

When dangling whole days for a sight of his grace,
 To challenge a debt, or solicit a place ;
 Ev'ry morning you're told the reward you shall
 reap,
 While his honour, Lord love him, is playing
 bo-peep.

The man, when you're rich, who, unask'd, takes
 your hand,
 Smiles, cringes, and bids you his fortune com-
 mand ;
 In your need if you seek him, his promise to keep,
 My life to a farthing he plays at bo-peep.

The maiden of fifty at church you may 'spy,
 How she skrews up her muscles, and turns up
 her eyes ;
 Tho' her thoughts in devotion seem ever so deep,
 'Tween the sticks of her fan she is playing bo-peep.

The rake prone to promise, to swear, and to lye,
 To the prude, who, he thinks, is ready to die ;

The coquette who no humour a moment can keep,
Tho' diff'ring in manner, all play at bo-peep.

Then blame not my arts, nor accuse me of wrong,
Tho' instead of your money, I give you a song ;
For at least from my rhimes this instruction ye reap,
That the busines of life is a game at bo-peep.

The SWEET of SWEETS.

SWEET are the banks when spring perfumes
The verdant plants and laughing flowers,
Fragrant the violet as it blows,
And sweet the blossom after showers :
Sweet is the soft, the sunny breeze,
That fans the golden orange grove ;
But oh ! how sweeter far than these
The kisses are of her I love.

Ye roses blushing in your beds,
That with odours scent the air :
Ye lilies chaste, with silver heads,
As Cleora's bosom fair :
No more I court your balmy sweets,
For I, and I alone, can prove
How sweeter, when each other meets,
The kisses are of her I love.

Her tempting eyes my gaze inclin'd,
 Their pleasing lesson first I caught ;
 Her sense, her friendship next confin'd
 The willing pupil she had taught.
 Should Fortune, stooping from her sky,
 Conduct me to her bright alcove ;
 Yet like the turtle I should die,
 Denied the kiss of her I love.

The MILK-MAID.

THE lark proclaim'd return of morn,
 When Dolly tript across the lawn,
 Young Colin follow'd with his flail,
 She went to fill her milking pail ;
 He lov'd, and begg'd she'd hear him now,
 She answer'd, she must milk her cow.

He sighing vow'd he lov'd her more
 Than ever youth did nymph before ;
 With rapture prais'd her blooming charms,
 And press'd the fair one in his arms ;
 She bade him keep his distance now,
 Nor hinder her to milk her cow.

Fair maid, he cry'd, cou'd you approve
 An artless Shepherd's honest love,
 Yon little farm, yon flocks are mine,
 All with their master's heart is thine ;
 Then begg'd she wou'd his flame allow,
 She answer'd, she must milk her cow.

Nor so repuls'd, the comely youth,
 With kisses, prayers, and vows of truth,
 So pleas'd the nymph, she smil'd consent,
 And to the church they instant went;
 His flame she did not disallow,
 But quite forgot to milk her cow.

The MUSICAL FAIR.

I DO as I will with my swain,
 He never once thinks I am wrong;
 He likes none so well on the plain,
 I please him so much with my song:
 A song is the shepherd's delight,
 He hears me with joy all the day;
 He's sorry when comes the dull night,
 That hastens the end of my lay.

With spleen and with care once opprest,
 He ask'd me to sooth him the while;
 My voice set his mind all to rest,
 And the shepherd wou'd instantly smile.
 Since when, or in mead or in grove,
 By his flocks, or the clear river's side;
 I sing my best song to my love,
 And to charm him is grown all my pride.

No beauty had I to endear,
 No treasures of nature or art;
 But my voice that had gain'd on his ear,
 Soon found out the way to his heart.

To

To try if that voice would not please,
 He took me to join the gay throng :
 I won the rich prize all with ease,
 And my fame's gone abroad with a song.

But let me not jealousy raise,
 I wish to enchant but my swain ;
 Enough then for me is his praise,
 I sing but for him the lov'd strain.
 When youth, wealth, and beauty may fail,
 And your shepherds elude all your skill ;
 Your sweetnes of voice may prevail,
 And gain all your swains to your will.

H O P E. *A Pastoral Song.*

Written by Mr. SHENSTONE.

MY banks are all furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
 My grottos are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep :
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow ;
 My fountains all border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;
 But let me that plunder forbear,
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed :

For

For he ne'er could be true, she aver'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
 I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

But where does my Phyllida stray,
 And where are her grots and her bow'r's ;
 Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours ?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the vallies as fine,
 The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

A HUNTING SONG.

RECITATIVE.

THE whistling plowman hails the blushing dawn,
 The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note,
 Loud sings the blackbird thro' resounding groves,
 And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

A I R.

Away, to the copse lead away,
 And now my boys thro' off the hounds ;
 I'll warrant he'll shew us some play,
 See, yonder he sculks thro' the grounds.

Then

Then spur your brisk coursers, and smoke 'em
my bloods,
'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn :
What concert is equal to those of the woods,
'Twixt echo, the hounds and the horn.

Each earth see he tries at in vain,
In cover no safety can find ;
So he breaks it and scours amain,
And leaves us at distance behind :
O'er rocks and o'er hedges and rivers we fly,
All hazard and danger we scorn ;
Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die ;—
Chear up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,
All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue ;
His speed can no longer avail,
Nor his cunning his life can prolong :
From our stanch and fleet pack 'twas in vain
that he fled,
See his brush falls bemir'd, forlorn ;
The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,
And shout to the sound of the horn.

KATE *of ABERDEEN.*

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly thro' the night,
To wanton in the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.

To

To courts begone, heart-soothing sleep,
 Where you've so seldom been ;
 Whilst I my wakeful vigil keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
 In primrose chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promis'd May.
 The nymphs and swains shall all declare,
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
 And rouse yon nodding grove,
 Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
 And hail the maid I love.
 At her approach the lark mistakes,
 And quits the new-dress'd green :
 Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen !

Now blithesome o'er the dewy mead,
 Where elves disportive play,
 The festal dance young shepherds lead,
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay ;
 Till May in morning robe draws nigh,
 And claims a virgin queen :
 The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
 Here's Kate of Aberdeen !

The SHEPHERD's INVITATION.

THE new flown birds the shepherds sing,
 And welcome in the May ;
 Come, Pastorella, now the spring
 Makes ev'ry landscape gay ;
 Wide-spreading trees their leafy shade
 O'er half the plain extend ;
 Or, in reflecting fountains play'd,
 Their quiv'ring branches bend.

Come, taste the season in its prime,
 And bless the rising year !
 Oh how my soul grows sick of time,
 'Till thou, my love, appear !
 Then shall I pass the gladsome day,
 Warm in thy beauty shine,
 When thy dear flock shall sport and play,
 And intermix with mine.

For thee, of doves a milk-white pair,
 In silken bands I hold ;
 For thee, a firstling lambkin fair
 I keep within the fold :
 If milk-white doves acceptance meet,
 Or tender lambkin please,
 My spotless heart, without deceit,
 Be offered up with these.

SONG in the CHAPLET.

DAMON.

CONTENTED all day I will sit at your side,
Where poplars far stretching o'er-arch the
cool tide ;
And while the clear river runs purling along,
The thrush and the linnet contend in their song.

LAURA.

While you are but by me, no danger I fear ;
Ye lambs rest in safety, my Damon is near ;
Bound on, ye blithe kids, now your gambols
may please,
For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease.

DAMON.

Ye virgins of Britain, bright rivals of day,
The wish of each heart, and the theme of each
lai !

Ne'er yield to the swain till he make you a wife ;
For he who loves truly, will take you for life.

LAURA.

Ye youths, who fear nought but the frowns of the
fair,

'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their care ;
Then scorn to their ruin assistance to lend,
Nor betray the sweet creatures you're born to
defend.

BOTH.

BOTH.

For their honour and truth be our virgins re-
nown'd, [found ;
Nor false to his vows one young shepherd be
Be their moments all guided by virtue and truth,
To preserve in their age what they gain'd in their
youth.

The JUDICIOUS FAIR.

Y O U tell me I'm handsome, I know not
how true,
And easy, and chatty, and good-humour'd too ;
That my lips are as red as the rose-bud in June,
And my voice, like the nightingale's, sweetly in
tune ;
All this has been told me by twenty before,
But he that would win me must flatter me more.

If beauty from virtue receive no supply,
Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I !
My ease and good humour short raptures will
bring,
And my voice, like the nightingale's know but a
spring ;
For charms such as these then your praises give
o'er,
To love me for life you must love me still more.

Then talk to me not of a shape or an air,
 For Chloe the wanton can rival me there ;
 'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
 And brightens good-humour as sun-shine the
 day ;
 For that if you love me, your flame may be
 true,
 And I in my turn may be taught to love too.

The S P R I N G.

THE fields now are looking so gay,
 The birds are all warbling so sweet,
 'Tis near the return of the May,
 And the cowslips now spring at my feet ;
 But all on a sudden I find,
 These scenes, though so lovely, will cloy,
 For a moment they gladden, they gladden my
 mind,
 And put all my heart into joy.

And now the enchantment does break,
 With Jenny these scenes would endear ;
 They only can please for her sake,
 And Jenny no longer is here ;
 At mid-day thus lonesome I rove,
 And think all is dulness around,
 By moon-light, with Jenny and love,
 Light-hearted I've pac'd o'er the ground.

Till

Till she will vouchsafe to appear,
 The delight and the pride of her swain,
 Though spring-time could last all the year,
 I'll trace not these footsteps again ;
 For all the warm sunshine of May
 Is nothing, if she is not nigh,
 'Tis she must make nature look gay,
 Fields, birds, groves, and cowslips, good-by.

C H L O E 's R E S O L V E.

AS Chloe on flowers reclin'd o'er the stream,
 She sigh'd to the breeze, and made Colin
 her theme ;
 Though pleasant the stream, and though cooling
 the breeze,
 And the flowers tho' fragrant, she panted for ease.

The stream it was fickle, and hasted away,
 It kiss'd the sweet banks, but no longer would
 stay ;
 Though beauteous, inconstant ; and faithless,
 though fair ;
 Ah ! Colin, look in, and behold thyself there.

The breeze, that so sweet on her bosom did play,
 Now rose to a tempest, and darken'd the day ;
 As soft as the breeze, and as loud as the
 wind,
 Such, Colin when angry, and Colin when kind.

The flowers when gather'd, so beauteous and sweet,

Now fade on her bosom, and die at her feet ;
As fair in their bloom, and as foul in decay,
Such, Colin when present, and Colin away.

In rage and despair from the ground she arose,
And from her, the flowers so faded she throws ;
She weeps in the stream, and she sighs to the wind,

And resolves to drive Colin quite out of her mind.

But what her resolves, when her Colin appear'd ?
The stream it stood still, and no tempest was heard ;

The flowers recover'd their beautiful hue ;
She found he was kind, and believ'd he was true.

A HINT to the FAIR SEX.

LAST May-day I rambled the meadows along,
To hear the sweet linnet's and goldfinch's song,

When just by the close-shaded jessamine grove
I met with young Phillis, the goddess of love.
Transported I kiss'd her, she gave me a smile,
So I ask'd the dear nymph if she'd tarry a while.
Oh, no, she reply'd, therefore leave me, I pray,
For here 'tis unsafe with a shepherd to stay.

Dear

Dear Phillis, I cry'd, don't refuse my request,
 Of all nymphs in the village 'tis you I love best ;
 Then why be afraid with your shepherd to go
 To the jessamine grove ? still she answer'd, No, no,
 You men are deceivers and love to ensnare,
 And my mother oft told me, of men to beware ;
 No longer persuade me, pursue your own way,
 For here 'tis unsafe with a shepherd to stay.

Lord bless me, I cry'd, you're of late grown a
 prude ; [rude ?
 Do you think, my dear girl, I'd attempt to be
 'Tis the season for love, to the grove let's along,
 Where I'll tell you a tale, or I'll sing you a song.
 Prithee, Damon, she cry'd, don't attempt to per-
 suade,
 Or by cunning beguile a poor innocent maid.
 The grove may have charms, now the season is
 gay,
 But there 'tis unsafe with a shepherd to stay.

Well pleas'd with her virtue, I tenderly cry'd,
 Have nothing to fear, for I'll make you my bride ;
 For long I've beheld you the girl to my mind,
 So to church let us go—then may Phillis be kind.
 My tale, O ye fair, is a lesson for you :
 'Tis marriage alone that will prove the swain true ;
 If before, to the grove you're too easily won,
 The swain may be false, and the maiden undone.

The PRUDENT SHEPHERDESS.

AS I went to the wake that was held on the green,
I met with young Phœbe, as blithe as a queen,
A form so divine might an anchorite move,
And I found (tho' a clown) I was smitten with
love ;

So I ask'd for a kiss, but she blushing reply'd,
Indeed, gentle shepherd, you must be deny'd.

Lovely Phœbe, I cry'd, don't affect to be shy,
I vow I will kiss you,—here's no-body by.
No matter for that, she reply'd, 'tis the same,
For know, silly shepherd, I value my fame ;
So I pray let me go, I shall surely be miss'd,
Besides I'm resolv'd, that I will not be kiss'd.

Lord bless me, I cry'd, I'm surpriz'd you refuse,
A few harmless kisses but serve to amuse :
The month it is May, and the season for love,
So come, my dear girl, to the wake let us rove.
No, Damon, she cry'd, I must first be your wife,
You then shall be welcome to kiss me for life.

Well, come then, I cry'd, to the church let us go,
But after, dear Phœbe must never say no.
Do you prove but true, (she reply'd) you shall
find,
I'll ever be constant, good-humour'd, and kind.
So I kiss when I please, for she ne'er says she
won't ;
And I kiss her so much, that I wonder she don't.

A COTILLON SONG.

HAIL, politeness, pow'r divine,
Pleas'd we bend before thy shrine,
Studious of the true bon ton,
Lovers of the cotillon.

Flaunting belles, and powder'd beaux,
Housewives dress'd in Sunday cloaths,
Spruce mechanics, old and young,
Learn to dance the cotillon.

Lawyers, doctors, leave their fees,
Careful but to dance with ease ;
Nimbly how they trip along,
In their charming cotillon.

High and low, rich and poor,
Think on humbler joys no more ;
All with dancing madness stung,
Doat upon the cotillon.

Bath and Tunbridge Wells, adieu,
Now no more we think on you,
True politeness is our own,
Since we've learn'd the cotillon.

The C H O I C E.

OH ! wouldest thou know what sacred charms
This destin'd heart of mine alarms,
What kind of nymph the Heav'n's decree,
The maid that's made for love and me ;

Who

Who joys to hear the sigh sincere,
Who melts to see the tender tear,
From each ungen'rous passion free ;
Be such the maid that's made for me.

Whose heart with gen'rous friendship glows,
Who feels the blessings she bestows,
Gentle to all, but kind to me ;
Be such the maid that's made for me.

Whose simple thoughts, devoid of art,
Are all the natives of her heart :
A gentle train from falsehood free ;
Be such the maid that's made for me.

Avaunt ! ye light coquets retire,
Where flatt'ring fops around admire ;
Unmov'd your tinsel'd charms I see ;
More genuine beauties are for me.

The F A I R I N G.

AS I went o'er the meadows, no matter the day,
A shepherd I met who came tripping that way ;
I was going to fair all so bonny and gay ;
He ask'd me to let him go with me there ;
No harm shall come to you, young damsel, I swear ;
I'll buy you a fairing to put in your hair.

You've

You've a good way to go, it is more than a mile,
 We'll rest, if you please, when we get to yon stile ;
 I've a story to tell, that will charm you the while.
 To go with him farther I did not much care :
 But still I went on, not suspecting a snare ;
 For I dream'd of a fairing to come from the fair.

To make me more easy, he said all he cou'd :
 I threaten'd to leave him, unless he'd be good ;
 For I'd not for the world he shou'd dare to be rude.
 Young Roger had promis'd and baulk'd me last
 year ;
 If he shou'd do so, I would go no more there,
 Tho' I long'd e'er so much for a gift from the fair.

When we got to the stile, he would scarce be said
 no ; [grow ;
 He press'd my soft lips, as if there he would
 (Take care how that way with a shepherd you go.)
 Confounded I ran, when I found out his snare :
 No ribbon, I cry'd, from such hands will I wear,
 Nor go, while I live, for a gift to the fair.

The W I S H.

FREE from the bustle, care, and strife,
 Of this short variegated life,
 Oh let me spend my days
 In rural sweetness with a friend,
 To whom my mind I may unbend,
 Nor censure heed nor praise.

Riches

Riches bring cares—I ask not wealth ;
Let me enjoy but peace and health,

I envy not the great.

’Tis these alone can make me blest ;
The riches take of East and West,
I claim not these or state.

Though not extravagant nor near,
But thro’ the well-spent chequer’d year,
I’d have enough to live ;
To drink a bottle with a friend,
Assist him in distress, ne’er lend,
But rather freely give.

I too would wish, to sweeten life,
A gentle, kind, good-natur’d wife,
Young, sensible, and fair ;
One who could love but me alone,
Prefer my cot to e’er a throne,
And sooth my ev’ry care.

Thus happy with my wife and friend,
My life I chearfully would spend,
With no vain thoughts opprest.
If Heav’n has bliss for me in store,
O grant me this, I ask no more,
And I am truly blest.

The M I L L E R.

ONE Midsummer morning, when nature
 look'd gay,
 The birds full of song and the flocks full of play ;
 When earth seem'd to answer the smiles from
 above,
 And all things proclaim'd it the season of love ;
 My Mother cry'd, Nancy, come haste to the mill ;
 If the corn be not ground, you may scold if
 you will.

The freedom to use my tongue pleas'd me, no
 doubt ;
 A woman, alas ! would be nothing without :
 I went tow'rds the mill without any delay,
 And conn'd o'er the words I determin'd to say :
 But when I came near it, I found it stock still ;
 Bless my stars now ! I, cry'd huff them rarely
 I will.

The miller to market that instant was gone ;
 The work it was left to the care of his son :
 Now, though I can scold as well as any one can,
 I thought 'twould be wrong to scold the young
 man :

I said, I'm surpriz'd you can use me so ill ;
 I must have my corn ground, I must, and I will.

Sweet maid, cry'd the youth, the fault is not mine,
 No corn in the town I'd grind sooner than thine:
 There's no one more ready in pleasing the fair;
 The mill shall go merrily round, I declare.
 But hark how the birds sing, and see how they
 bill !

I must have a kiss first, I must, and I will.

My corn being done, I tow'rd's home bent my
 way;

He whisper'd he'd something of moment to say;
 Infisted to hand me along the green mead,
 And there swore he lov'd me indeed, and indeed !
 And that he'd be constant, and true to me still :
 Since that time I've lik'd him, and like him
 I will.

I often say, mother, the miller I'll huff ;
 She laughs, and cries, Go, girl, ay, plague him
 enough ;
 And scarce a day passes but, by her desire,
 I get a fly kiss from the youth I admire.
 If wedlock he wishes, his wish I'll fulfil,
 And I'll answer O yes ! with a hearty good-will.

SONG *in the WAY TO KEEP HIM.*

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore
 That a lover once blefs'd is a lover no more;
 Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
 That prudence must cherish what beauty has
 caught.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite
guittar,

Though music in both, they are both apt to jar ;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch !
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much.

The linnet and sparrow will feed from your hand,
Grow fond by your kindness, and come at com-
mand ;

Exert with your husband the same happy skill ;
For hearts, like young birds, may be tam'd to your
will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to
your mind ;

'Tis there that the wife may her conquest im-
prove,

And Hymen will rivet the fetters of love.

The C O M P L A I N T.

Y E woods and ye mountains unknown,
Beneath whose pale shadows I stray,
To the breast of my charmer alone

These sighs bid sweet echo convey :
Wherever he pensively leans,
By fountain, or hill, or in grove,
His heart will explain what he means,
Who sings both from sorrow and love.

What sadness reigns over the plains !

How droop the sweet flow'rets around !
How pensive each nymph and each swain !

How silent each musical sound !
No more the soft lute in the bow'r's

Beguiles the cool ev'nings away :
Sad sighs measure out the long hours,
Since Nancy, dear Nancy's away.

More soft than the nightingale's song,

Oh waft the sad sound in her ear,
Or say (though divided so long)

The friend of her bosom is near :
Then tell her, what years of delight,

Then tell her, what ages of pain,
I felt, while I liv'd in her sight,
I feel, till I see her again.

RALPH's RAMBLE to LONDON.

I Am a poor innocent clown,
And lately I rambled to town :
For I've heard the folks say
'Twas a place fine and gay ;
And I wanted to see it I own.

I luckily met with a friend,
Whom I begg'd his assistance to lend ;
So he led me about,
'Midst the rabble and rout,
Till I thought the whole world at an end.

We

We went to a place call'd the play,
 Where I thought I should see somewhat gay ;
 But they murder'd a king,
 Which I thought a strange thing,
 Yet the people went laughing away.

The finest of all the gay sights,
 Is the place with a number of lights,
 Where they fiddle, and sing
 Like the birds in the spring,
 And harmony pleasure invites.

The lamps are all stuck in the trees,
 And the folks buzz about like the bees ;
 While, down in a shade,
 The mill and cascade
 Are sweetly adapted to please.

I wish from my soul, I must own,
 We had such a place in our town,
 Or else at the fair,
 That it could be brought there,
 It would pay well for bringing it down.

The ACCIDENT.

AS t'other day milking I sat in the vale,
 Young Damon came up to address his
 soft tale,
 So sudden, I started, and gave him a frown ;
 For he frighted my cow, and my milk was kick'd
 down.

Lord bless me ! says I, what a-deuce can you
mean,

To come thus upon me, unthought-of, unseen !
I ne'er will approve of the love you pretend ;
For, as mischief began, perhaps mischief may
end.

I little thought now, he'd his passion advance ;
But pretty excuses made up the mischance :
He begg'd a kind kiss, which I gave him, I vow ;
And I laid, my own self, all the fault on my cow.

How many ways love can the bosom invade !
His bait prov'd too strong, alas ! for a maid :
He hinted that wedlock was what he'd be at ;
But I thought it was best to say nothing of that.

I flutter all over whene'er he comes nigh ;
For, if he should press, I should surely comply,
And ne'er shall be angry, my heart itself tells,
Tho' he flings down my milk, or does any thing
else.

The INVITATION.

COME, ye party-jangling swains,
Leave your flocks and quit the plains ;
Friends to country, or to court,
Nothing here shall spoil your sport.

Ever welcome to our feast,
Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

Sprightly

Sprightly widows, come away ;
 Laughing dames, and virgins gay ;
 Little gaudy flutt'ring misses,
 (Smiling hopes of future blisses.)

All that rip'ning fun can bring,
 Beauteous summer, beauteous spring,
 In one varying scene we shew,
 The green, the ripe, the bud, the bow.

Comus jesting, music charming,
 Wine inspiring, beauty warming ;
 Rage and party-malice dies,
 Peace returns, and discord flies.

The LASS of TOTTERDOWN HILL.

AT Totterdown-hill there dwelt an old pair,
 And it may be they dwell there still,
 Much riches indeed did'nt fall to their share,
 They kept a small farm and a mill :
 But fully content with what they did get,
 They knew not of guile nor of arts ;
 One daughter they had, and her name it was Bet,
 And she was the pride of their hearts.

Nut-brown were her locks, her shape it was strait,
 Her eyes were as black as a sloe ;
 Milk-white were her teeth, full smart was her gair,
 And sleek was her skin as a doe :

All

All thick were the clouds, and the rain it did pour,
 No bit of true-blue could be spy'd,
 A child wet and cold, came and knock'd at the door,
 Its mam it had lost, and it cry'd.

Young Bet was as mild as the mornings of May,
 The babe she hugg'd close to her breast ;
 She chaf'd him all o'er, and he smil'd as he lay,
 She kiss'd him, and lull'd him to rest ;
 But who do you think she had got for her prize ?
 Why Love, the fly master of arts ;
 No sooner he wak'd, but he dropt his disguise,
 And shew'd her his wings and his darts.

Quoth he, I am Love ; but be not afraid,
 Tho' all I make shake at my will,
 So good and so kind have you been, my fair maid,
 No harm you shall feel from my skill :
 My mother ne'er dealt with such fondness by me,
 A friend you shall find in me still ;
 Take my quiver and shoot, be greater than she,
 The Venus of Totterdown-hill.

The M A I D o f the M I L L.

ATTEND, all ye shepherds and nymphs, to
 my lay,
 You may learn from my tale, and go wiser away
 A damsel once dwelt at the foot of a hill,
 Well known by the name of the Maid of the mill,
 The

The lord of the village beheld the sweet maid,
 Each art to subdue her was presently laid ;
 With gold he endeavour'd to tempt her to ill,
 But nought could prevail with the Maid of the
 mill.

Young Colin address'd her with hope and with
 fear,
 His heart was right honest, his love was sincere ;
 With rapture each moment his bosom would
 thrill,
 Whene'er he beheld his dear Maid of the mill.

His passion was founded in honour and truth,
 The nymph read his heart, and of course lov'd
 the youth ;
 At church little Patty soon answer'd I will,
 His Lordship was baulk'd of the Maid of the mill.

What happiness waits on the chaste nuptial pair !
 Content, they are strangers to sorrow and care !
 The flame, they first rais'd in each other, burns
 still,
 And Colin is bless'd with the Maid of the mill.

CONSTANCY IS BEST.

TOO long a giddy wand'ring youth,
 From fair to fair I rov'd ;
 To ev'ry nymph I vow'd my truth,
 Tho' all alike I lov'd ;

Yet,

Yet, when the joy I wish'd was past,
 My truth appear'd a jest :
 But, trust me, I'm convinc'd at last
 That constancy is best.

Like other fools at female wiles
 'Twas my delight to rail ;
 Their sighs, their vows, their tears, their smiles,
 Were false, I thought, and frail.
 But, by reflection's bright'ning pow'r,
 I see their worth confess ;
 That man cannot enough adore,
 That constancy is best.

The roving heart at beauty's sight
 May glow with fond desire ;
 Yet, tho' possession yields delight,
 It damps the lawless fire :
 But love's celestial faithful flames
 Still catch from breast to breast ;
 While ev'ry home-felt joy proclaims
 That constancy is best.

No solid bliss from change results,
 No real raptures flow ;
 But, fix'd to one, the soul exults,
 And tastes of heav'n below.
 With love, on ev'ry gen'rous mind,
 Is truth's fair form imprest ;
 And reason dictates to mankind,
 That constancy is best.

A HUNTING SONG.

ROUSE, rouse, jolly sportsmen, the hounds
are all out,

The chace is begun I declare ;
Come, up and to horse, let us follow the rout,
And join in the chace of the hare.

Hark ! hark ! don't you hear they are now in
the dale,

The horn, how melodious it sounds !
Poor puss in a fright, how she strives to prevail,
And fly from the cry of the hounds.

Though up to the hills and the mountains she
scales,

Whose top seems to join to the sky ;
We mount in the air, like a kite in a gale,
And follow the hounds in full cry.

Though into the copse there for refuge she flies,
We kill her, 'tis twenty the odds ;
While echo surrounds us with hooting and cries,
We seem to converse with the gods.

Our freedom with conscience is never alarm'd,
We're strangers to envy and strife ;

When blest with a wife, we return to her arms ;
Sport sweetens the conjugal life.

Our days pass away in a scene of delight,
Which kings and their courtiers ne'er taste ;
In pleasures of love we revel all night,
Next morning return to the chace.

A FAVOURITE CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

TWAS when the seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deplored,
 All on a rock reclin'd ;
 Wide o'er the foaming billows,
 She cast a wishful look ;
 Her head was crown'd with willows
 That trembled o'er the brook.

AIR.

Tweive months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days ;
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas ?
 Cease, cease, thou troubled ocean,
 And let my lover rest,
 Ah ! what's thy troubled motion
 To that within my breast ?

The merchant robb'd of treasure,
 Views tempests with despair ;
 But what's the loss of treasure
 To losing of my dear ?
 Should you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and diamonds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain ?
 Why then, beneath the water
 Do hideous rocks remain ?
 No eyes the rocks discover
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.

RECITATIVE.

Thus melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear ;
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear :
 When o'er the white waves stooping,
 His floating corpse she spy'd ;
 Then, like a lilly drooping,
 She bow'd her head and dy'd.

WOMEN, LOVE, and WINE.

THE murmur'ring brooks, the fanning breeze,
 Gay myrtles, flow'ry banks, and trees,
 To doat on, some incline :
 But nobler blessings I advise ;
 The greatest joys, below the skies,
 Are women, love, and wine.

From scene to scene while thousands rove,
 Unblest by women, wine, and love,
 In secret let them pine;
 While I the world with pleasure tell,
 We all may ev'ry care dispel
 With women, love, and wine.

The restless wretch who doats on gold,
 And would in flames the world behold
 To see his treasure shine,
 Shall gen'rous grow, his pelf despise,
 Be happy, joyous, honest, wise,
 By women, love, and wine.

May youth, and age, of all degrees
 On such inspiring comforts seize,
 'Twill ev'ry sense refine;
 To see mankind so nobly blest,
 Superior pow'rs shall wish to taste
 Of women, love, and wine.

Ye sons of joy, for true delight,
 In Women, love, and wine, unite;
 This great resolve is mine;
 Forgetting ev'ry care that's past,
 My joy shall flow, while life doth last,
 From women, love, and wine.

HOW DO YOU DO?

WHEN first simple Strephon perceiv'd that
his heart
Was touch'd by young Cupid's invincible dart,
Though urg'd by his passion the nymph to pursue,
His courage could only say—How do you do ?

But finding love's fire to burn very strong,
And hoping her heart would be touch'd e'er
 'twas long,
With a bow, and a simile, he began straight to
 woo,
And seizing her hand, cry'd, my dear—How
d'ye do ?

Observing this freedom not taken amiss,
He ventur'd her lips to salute with a kiss ;
Then vow'd that such pleasure before he ne'er
 knew,
And kiss'd her again with a—How do you do ?

Grown bold with success, he soon begg'd of the
fair
To take a walk with him—it matters not where ;
When some how or other, 'tis certainly true,
He tickled her heart with a—How do you do ?

Well pleas'd with the frolic, they every day
Pass'd their time in repeating the amorous play ;
But when he's too faint the soft sport to renew,
She archly will cry out—pray, How do you do ?

Take the hint, all ye youths, who now suffer
 love's smart,
 With courage pursue if you'd gain the nymph's
 heart;
 By sighing, and whining, you'll ne'er bring
 them too;
 Then briskly advance with a—How do you do?

H E I G H - H O.

YOUNG Damon long rang'd a stranger to love,
 He won, and deserted the fair;
 No toast of the town, or nymph of the grove,
 Could fix the inconstant sincere;
 No black, brown, or fair, he ever had seen,
 Had caus'd him a moment of woe,
 But boasts that his heart was always serene,
 And never had utter'd heigh-ho !

Exulting thus long, he scower'd the plains,
 His mind was a stranger to care;
 He fang, and he danc'd, and laugh'd at the
 swains
 Whose love made them sigh and despair;
 Leave whining, ye fools, he frequently cry'd,
 And follow the steps that I go,
 Your hearts then like mine, to liberty ty'd,
 Will laugh at the silly heigh-ho !

Alexis

Alexis one day to Damon reply'd,
 Sweet Lydia when once you have seen,
 Will soon make you bow, and own that the pride
 Of nature is now on our green ;
 The moment he spoke, the fair-one appear'd,
 Then wonder strait seiz'd on our beau,
 He gaz'd, and he sigh'd, the shepherds all heard
 Young Damon expressing heigh-ho !

Now his flocks are forgot, his pipe's thrown away,
 His singing and dancing forbears ;
 That his face is all wan, that once was so gay,
 And love in each feature he wears ;
 He kneels and implores, she, deaf to his moan,
 No pity at all will bestow ;
 So Damon by love's a skeleton grown,
 And ever is sighing heigh-ho !

The SOLDIER's MEDLEY.

THE lark was up, the morn was grey,
 The drummers beat a reveilly ;
 The jolly soldiers on the ground
 In peaceful camp slept safe and sound :

All but one poor soldier, who
 All but love could well subdue,
 Wander'd through the silent grove,
 There to vent his plaintive love.

For women are whimsical, changeable things,
 Their sweets, like the bees, are all mingled with
 stings ;
 They're not to be got without toil, care, and
 cost,
 They're hard to be won, and are easily lost.

For in seeking a fair one, I found to my smart,
 Tho' I knew not the way, yet I lost my own
 heart.

Ah, hapless, hapless day,
 When first I saw fair Biddy !
 My heart she stole away,
 My head she turn'd quite giddy.
 The world may laugh, and say,
 'Tis wond'rous new to see
 A lover so sincere,
 A swain admire like me.

She's comely, tall, and slender,
 She's brighter than the sun ;
 Her looks were kind and tender,
 But ah ! her heart's like stone.
 Too lovely still I found her,
 And ev'ry method try'd,
 In hopes to win or wound her,
 But I was still deny'd.

And

And now my hopes are over,
 What more remains to try,
 But, like a hapless lover,
 I lay me down and die.

As on the ground he lay,
 Minerva came that way,
 In armour bright and gay,
 And thus to him did say,
 Rise, soldier, rise.
 I'll take you by the hand,
 And I'll lead you thro' the land,
 And I'll give you the command
 Of a well-chosen band.

Rise, soldier, rise.
 Don't be stupid,
 Drive away Cupid,
 Follow Minerva's wise command.

Soldier, go home,
 Go home, ne'er mind your mistress's scorn ;
 Slight her again,
 For slighted love should slight return.

The soldier then rous'd from his amorous sloth,
 Hasted away to his duty,
 Swore to Minerva a terrible oath,
 That he never would think of her beauty.
 Bachelor bluff, bachelor bluff,
 Hey for a heart that is tougher than buff.

He

He that is single can never wear horns,
 He that is single is happy ;
 But he that is married must lie upon thorns,
 And always be ragged and shabby.
 Bachelor bluff, &c.

He that is single can ne'er fear a rout,
 Nothing to him can be sweeter ;
 Having no wife that can whimper and pout,
 And cry, 'Can you leave me, dear creature ?'
 Bachelor bluff, &c.

Ye belles and flirts, so smart and fair,
 Say, are not soldiers form'd for love ?
 I'm sure you'll find them all sincere,
 Would you but kind and constant prove.
 But if you slight their passion still,
 And tyrannize, their wills to prove,
 Depend upon't, they'll all rebel,
 And will not give a thought to love.

Hold your prating, idle tongue,
 (Little laughing Cupid said)
 Have you never heard it fung,
 Constaney must win the Maid ?

Then ground your arms, ye sons of war,
 Who shine thro' Britain's happy isle ;
 Nor ever quarrel with the fair,
 But patient try to win their smile.
 Rule, ye fair, of Britain's isle,
 We'll patient try to win your smile.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

Philosophical Clara had fix'd in her breast
 This maxim, that ev'ry thing was for the
 best ;

In sunshine, or rain, at the park or the play,
 She still was good-humour'd, was happy and
 gay.

The sorrows of others her mind ne'er imprest,
 Her replies were to all, Why, 'tis all for the best.

Kind nature had blest her with all the soft charms
 That give to Love's subjects such painful alarms ;
 Her manner was easy, engaging her air,
 Her voice was delightful, her person was rare :
 Yet their sighs and their praises she turn'd to a jest,
 And answer'd them all, Why tis all for the best.

The love-breathing sonnets that to her were made
 Were genteel and pretty and witty, she said ;
 But whether the praises were just and sincere
 She did not e'en wish, nor she did not e'en care ;
 For wishing and hoping was all a mere jest,
 And whatever happen'd was all for the best.

But Cupid, determin'd to conquer her pride,
 And throw her philosophy quite on one side,
 Sent an arrow well guided, which pierc'd thro'
 her heart, [smart :
 She loves, and the sighs, and complains of the
 Her companions, alas, turn it all to a jest,
 And cry, Clara, you know, it is all for the best.

W I L.

WILLIAM and SUSAN.

TWAS at the cool and fragrant hour,
When evening steals upon the sky,
That Susan chose the woodbine shade,

And William taught that grove to sigh ;
The sweetest damsel she on all the plains,
The softest lover he of all the swains.

He took her by the lilly hand,
Which oft had made the milk look pale :
Her cheeks with modest roses glow'd,
And thus he breath'd his tender tale :
The list'ning streams a while forgot to flow,
The doves to murmur, and the breeze to blow.

T“ O smile, my fair ! thy dimple smiles
“ Shall lengthen on the setting day !
“ Thus let us melt the hours in bliss,
“ Thus sweetly languish life away ;
“ Thus sigh ourselves into each other's breast,
“ Loving as turtles, and as turtles blest.”

She sigh'd and blush'd a sweet consent,
He thank'd her on his bended knee ;
And warmly press'd her virgin lip —
Was ever youth so blest as he ?
The moon to light the lovers homeward, rose,
And Philomela lull'd them to repose.

The SHEPHERD in LOVE.

I AM a young shepherd, the pride of the plain ;
 The lasses all strive my affections to gain ;
 I'm teiz'd by young Phillis, young Bridget, and
 Sue ; [do ?
 Say, what would you have such a young shepherd

I cannot be easy wherever I go,
 Nor know I the reason they follow me so ;
 'Tis strange I am sure, you will readily own,
 That tho' I refuse, they won't let me alone.

Last night at the wake, when I danc'd on the
 green, [seen ;
 Such numbers came round me as never were
 To be teaz'd in this manner no mortal could bear,
 So I fix'd upon one, who is lovely and fair.

Her ease and good nature, I vow and protest,
 Have gain'd my affection beyond all the rest ;
 She has wit, youth, and beauty, the passions to
 move,
 And at last, I must own, I am smitten with love.

The APRIL FOOL.

ONE April morn, young Damon sought,
 O'er Sylvia to prevail,
 And with dissimulation fraught,
 He thus address'd his tale.

Now

Now winter's chilling blasts are o'er,
 And spring's prolific reign
 Impels the blossom and the flow'r,
 To deck the smiling plain ;

Let us, my dearest girl, repair
 To yonder bloomy grove ;
 For oh ! I long to tell thee there
 How ardently I love.

When Prudence, watchful for the good
 Of all who seek her care,
 Confest before the damsel stood,
 And said—of man beware.

What tho' his words, as honey sweet,
 Seem all in candour drest,
 Yet art, the parent of deceit,
 Lies lurking in his breast.

Admonish'd by this faithful friend,
 The cautious maid reply'd,
 The youth I to the grove attend,
 Must make me first his bride.

Abash'd ! the swain his purpose saw
 In blackest colours rise ;
 Her honour struck his soul with awe,
 And fill'd with shame his eyes ;

To church he led the lovely maid,
Fair Virtue's sacred school!
While Sylvia archly smil'd, and said,
Now—who's the April fool?

A B S E N T J O C K E Y.

MY laddie is gang'd far away o'er the plain,
While in sorrow behind I am forc'd to re-
main ;
Tho' blue-bells and violets the hedges adorn,
Tho' trees are in blossom, and sweet blows the
thorn,
No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay,
There's nothing can please now my Jockey's
away ;
Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
Haste, haste, my dear Jockey, to me back again.

When lads and their lasses are on the green met,
They dance and they sing, they laugh and they
chat,
Contented and happy with hearts full of glee ;
I can't without envy their merriments see ;
Those pastimes offend me, my Shepherd's not
there,
No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share,
It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,
I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair ;
 He promis'd he wou'd in a fortnight be here ;
 Oh ! fond expectation, my wishes I'll feast,
 For Love my dear Jockey to Jenny will hastle ;
 Then farewell each care, and—adieu each vain
 figh—

Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I !
 I'll sing on the meadows and alter my strain,
 When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

R E A L B E A U T Y.

SERENE is the morning, the lark leaves his
 nest,
 And sings a salute to the dawn :
 The sun with his splendor embroiders the east,
 And brightens the dew on the lawn.

While the sons of debauch t'indulgence give
 way,
 And slumber the prime of their hours,
 Let us, my dear Stella, the garden survey,
 And make our remarks on the flow'rs.

The gay gaudy tulip observe as you walk,
 How flaunting the glo's of its vest !
 How proud ! and how stately it stands on its stalk,
 In beauty's diversity drest !

From the rose, the carnation, the pink, and the
 clove,
 What odours incessantly spring !

The

The South wafts a richer perfume to the grove,
As he brushes the leaves with his wings.

Apart from the rest in her purple array,
The violet humbly retreats :
In modest concealment she peeps on the day,
Yet none can excel her in sweets ;

So humble, that, tho' with unparallel'd grace,
She might e'en a palace adorn,
She oft in the hedge hides her innocent face,
And grows at the foot of the thorn.

So beauty, my fair one, is doubly refin'd,
When modesty heightens her charms ;
When meekness, like thine, adds a gem to her
mind,
We long to be lock'd in her arms.

Tho' Venus herself from her throne should de-
scend,
And the graces await at her call,
To thee the gay world would with preference
bend,
And hail thee the vi'let of all.

MATRIMONIAL BLISS.

I Am married and happy ! With wonder hear
this,
Ye rovers and rakes of the age,
Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliss,
And who only loose pleasures engage :

You may laugh ; but believe me, you're all in
the wrong,

When you merrily marriage deride ;
For to marriage the permanent pleasures belong,
And in them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawless connections arise,
Are fugitive—never sincere :
Oft stolen with haste, or snatch'd by surprize,
Interrupted by doubts and by fear :
But those which in legal attachments we find,
When the heart is with innocence pure,
Is from ev'ry imbitt'ring reflection refin'd,
And to life's latest hour will endure.

The love which ye boast of, deserves not that
name,

True love is with sentiment join'd ;
But your's is a passion, a feverish flame,
Rais'd without the consent of the mind.
When dreading confinement, ye mistresses hire,
With this, and with that ye are cloy'd ;
Ye are led and misled by a flatt'ring false fire,
And are oft by that fire destroy'd.

If you ask me from whence my felicity flows,
My answer is short—“ From a wife,
“ Who for chearfulness, sense, and good-nature
I chose,
“ Which are beauties that charm us for life : ”

To make home the seat of perpetual delight,
 Ev'ry hour each studies to seize ;
 And we find ourselves happy from morning to
 night,
 By our mutual endeavours to please.

The P E T.

AS musing I went o'er the plain,
 A shepherd I hastily met,
 Who told me again and again,
 He lov'd me—tho' not in a pet.
 So thinking him then in a joke,
 I told him, in order to fret,
 Your love is too late, I'm bespoken.
 He answer'd, I'll die—in a pet.

Now could you this urchin believe,
 In truth then, he wish'd I would let
 Him attend to the cot where I live.
 But I answer'd him—not in a pet.
 The confident youth grown more rude,
 A kiss or two from me would get.
 I told him, he did but intrude,
 And bid him go home—in a pet.

Then squeezing my hand when he went,
 He whisper'd—You soon will regret.
 In my heart I began to relent,
 As he quickly was gone in a pet.
 Now to my own sex I appeal,
 If reason I have not to fret ;
 And never again will conceal
 My mind from a man—in a pet.

LOVE IN LOW LIFE.

By GEO. ALEX. STEVENS.

BY the side of a green stagnant pool,
 Brick-dust Nan was sat scratching her head,
 Her matted locks frizzled her skull,
 As bristles the hedge-hog bespread.
 The wind toss'd her tatters abroad,
 Her ashen-brown beauties reveal'd ;
 A link-boy to her, thro' the mud
 Bare-footed scamp'd over the field.

O my love, tho' I cannot well jaw,
 (This plyer at playhouse began)
 Not tobacco so sweet to the chaw,
 As to kis are the lips of my Nan:
O my love, cries the mud-colour'd she,
 And gave him a rib-squeezing hug ;
 I'd sleep in a cellar with thee,
 Tho' bit by each blood-fucking bug.

Full as black as themselves, now the sky
 To the south of the horizon lower'd ;
 Their wedding to keep in the dry,
 To a stable they hastily scout'd :
 While rats round them hungry explor'd,
 Undaunted they took their repose ;
 All the night on the litter they snor'd,
 And wak'd the next morning to louse.

PHILLIS. *A Pastoral Song.*

By Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

I Said on the banks of the stream,
 I have pip'd for the shepherds too long :
 O grant me, ye muses, a theme,
 Where glory may brighten my song :
 But Pan bid me stick to my strain,
 Nor lessons too lofty rehearse ;
 Ambition befits not a swain,
 And Phillis loves pastoral verse.

The rose, tho' a beautiful red,
 Looks faded to Phillis's blood ;
 The breeze from the bean-flower bed,
 To her breath's but a feeble perfume ;
 The dew-drop, so limpid and gay,
 That loose on the violets lies,
 Tho' brighten'd by Phœbus's ray,
 Wants lustre, compar'd to her eyes.

A lily I pluck'd in full pride,
 Its freshness with her's to compare,
 And foolishly thought (till I try'd)
 The flow'ret was equally fair.
 How, Corydon, could you mistake ?
 Your fault be with sorrow confess'd !
 You said the white swans on the lake,
 For softness might rival her breast.

While

While thus I went on, in her praise,
 My Phillis pass'd sportive along :
 Ye poets, I covet no bays,
 She smil'd—a reward for my song.
I find the god Pan's in the right,
 No fame's like the fair-one's applause ;
 And Cupid must crown with delight,
 The shepherd that sings in her cause.

The YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching, rejoiceth the swain,
 The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn
 trees grow :

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves evening and morn :
 He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That sylvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus said, tho' young Molly be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air ;
 But Susy is handsome, and sweetly can sing,
 Her breath, like the breeze, gives perfumes to
 the spring :

There's Jenny, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon, is inconstant, and never speaks
 truth ;

But Susy is faithful, good-humour'd and free,
 And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

My

My lady's fine daughter, with all her great dower,
 Is awkwardly airy, and frequently sour ;
 But Susy, who knows neither riches nor scorn,
 Is mild as the blushes that paint the new morn :
 Ah ! friends, how delighted, how blest should I be,
 Wou'd my Susy but smile, and her parents agree ;
 What more cou'd I wish for ? — my Susy's the whole,
 The joy of my eyes, and the pride of my soul.

LOVE AND INNOCENCE.

I Met in our village a swain t'other day,
 He stopt me, and begg'd me a moment to stay ;
 Then blush'd, and in language I ne'er heard
 before,
 He talk'd much of love, and some pains that he
 bore ;
 But what was his meaning, I know not I vow,
 Yet, alas ! my poor heart feels I cannot tell how.

Each morning the jessamine, vi'let and rose,
 He brings me, with ev'ry sweet flower that grows ;
 The sweetest and gayest he picks from the rest,
 And begs me to wear the fine things in my breast.

But what is his meaning, &c.

At my feet the young shepherd for ever I see,
 Protecting he never lov'd any but me ;
 He gazes with transport, and kisses me too,
 And swears that he'll ever be constant and true.

But what is his meaning, &c.

When

When I see the big tears streaming quick from his eyes,
And kissing my hand, he vents thousand sad sighs,
He tells me no nymph is so charming as me,
No shepherd alive so unhappy as he.

But what is his meaning, &c.

Alas! why to me does the shepherd complain?
And say my bright eyes are the cause of his pain?
Indeed was I sure (for his fate I deplore)
That he suffer'd for me, he shou'd suffer no more;
I'd do all I cou'd to relieve him I vow,
And my heart might have ease, tho' I cannot tell how.

The SCHOOL of ANACREON.

RECITATIVE.

THE festive board was met; the social band
Round fam'd Anacreon took their silent stand:

My sons (began the sage) be this the rule,
No brow austere must dare approach my school,
Where Love and Bacchus jointly reign within;
Old care be gone!—here sadness is a sin.

AIR.

Tell not me the joys that wait
On him that's learn'd, or him that's great;
Wealth and wisdom I despise,
Cares surround the rich and wise:

The

The queen that gives soft wishes birth,
And Bacchus, god of wine and mirth,
Me their friend and fav'rite own,
And I was born for them alone.

Bus'ness, title, pomp, and state,
Give them to the fools I hate ;
But let love, let life be mine,
Bring me women, bring be wine !
Speed the dancing hours away,
Mind not what the grave ones say.
Gaily let the minutes fly,
In love, in freedom, wit and joy :
So shall love and life be mine ;
Bring me women, &c. .

The COUNTRYMAN'S MEDLEY.

COME, Roger, and listen to where I have been ;
Ize tell thee what wonderful zights I have
zeen,
Such places for pastime as now bear renown,
In that famous zity call'd far London town.
O brave London ! O sweet London !
In that famous zity, &c.

First you must know,
That we did go
 Into the zity ;
And zaw, not far
From Temple-bar,
 The wax-work pretty.

There

Then they carried me
 To church built by St. Paul ;
 Tho' thousands I did zee,
 'Twas bigger than 'em all :
 And up the winding stairs,
 Amaz'd, we did ascend ;
 So many, wounds ! I thought
 We ne'er should zee an end :
 But how I gap'd and star'd,
 When to the top we came ;
 Had you been in my place,
 Why, you'd have done the same.

To Guildhall next we did repair,
 That we might view the giants ;
 They told me they stood always there
 To bid the French defiance :
 That when they heard the clock strike one,
 They would come down and greet me ;
 I'cod I did not like such vun,
 I was afraid they'd eat me.

And then to the Tower away we all stroll'd,
 The lions, the armour, and crown to behold ;
 When the shew-man at last bid the lasses so fair,
 In old Harry's pincushion stick a pin there.

Back to Westminster-abbey we stray'd,
 Where are seen all the kings and queens tombs ;
 But I never saw zince I was made
 Such a number of deadly high rooms.

Then

Then the organs play'd up too so fine,
 What the boys sung I understood not ;
 But the people in chorus did join,
 That in heaven I thought I was got.

At playhouse too, I did admire
 A man who walk'd upon the wire,
 As tho'f it was the ground ;
 And then, the zails of our mill,
 When mov'd, compar'd with him, stood still ;
 So fast he did turn round,

But now the time, alas ! was come,
 When I must think of going home ;
 Ah me ! unhappy clown ;
 I dreamt of what I'd zeen all night,
 And, early by the morning light,
 I left dear London town.
 Charming London ! happy London !
 Adieu, dear London town !

The H A P P Y P A I R.

AT dewy dawn, as o'er the lawn
 Young Jockey early stray'd,
 He chanc'd to meet with Jenny sweet,
 That blooming lovely maid :
 Her cheeks so red, with blushes spread,
 Shew'd like the break of day ;
 Her modest look the shepherd took,
 She stole his heart away.

L

With

With tender air he woo'd the fair,
 And movingly address'd ;
 For love divine can clowns refine,
 And warm the colder breast.
 Her eyes he prais'd, and fondly gaz'd
 On her enchanting face,
 Where innocence and health dispense
 Each blooming rosy grace.

Young Jenny's breast love's pow'r confess'd,
 And felt an equal fire ;
 Nor had she art to hide her smart,
 Or check the fond desire.
 Hymen unites in blissful rites
 The fair, the matchless two ;
 And wedlock ne'er could boast a pair
 More loving or more true.

P H I L L I S.

A Youth, whom the bounty of nature had
 grac'd
 With elegance, ease, and refinement of taste,
 Resolv'd by the precepts of wisdom to move,
 And early proclaim'd a defiance with love :
 He swore 'twas all weakness to sigh, wish, or care,
 Yet own'd, with great frankness, that Phillis
 was fair.

The virgin was piqu'd at the infidel's boast,
 And vow'd her revenge with the air of a toast ;
 Not that all he had said could her passions perplex,
 But the confident thing had attack'd the whole sex :
 Her charms then for conquest she 'gan to prepare,
 And smil'd when she heard him say, Phillis was fair.

To learning, for refuge and comfort he ran,
 To learning—the business and pleasure of man ;
 But Phillis disturb'd all the authors he read,
 While she glanc'd by his study, and nodded her
 The labours of ages soon banish'd in air, [head :
 No idea remain'd, saye, that Phillis was fair.

To glory he fancy'd the passion must yield,
 And a vot'ry of glory he sprung to the field ;
 But under his breast-plate the little god's dart
 Convey'd ev'ry moment a hint to his heart ;
 And forc'd him to own, in a fit of despair,
 That he bled but to prove that his Phillis was fair

To Bacchus at last he submitted his claim,
 But soon was conyinc'd that wine cherish'd the
 flame ;
 Then to Phillis he came, all his errors confess'd,
 He knelt at her feet, and begg'd to be blest'd :
 The maid gave her hand with a negligent air,
 And own'd she'd be kind, since he laid she was fair.

UNDER THE ROSE.

LAST Midsummer eve, as I pass'd thro' the
 grove,
 I met with young Phillis, the goddess of love ;
 My heart was transported, you well may suppose,
 I gave her a kiss—but 'twas under the rose.

She started and blush'd, and reply'd with a frown,
 “ Don't fancy, young swain, I'll be kiss'd by a
 clown ;
 I'm lov'd by young Strephon—see yonder he goes :”
 Still I gave her a kiss—but 'twas under the rose.

“ Come, come, dearest charmer, I tenderly cry'd,
 I care not for Strephon ; I'll not be deny'd :
 He's false to young Phillis, he very well knows ;
 My heart is right honest, tho' under the rose.

If Strephon be false, what has Phillis to do ?”
 (She answer'd in anguish) “ No men sure are true.”
 “ O yes, my dear girl (I reply'd) don't suppose
 But Damon is constant, tho' under the rose.”

“ If you love me (she cry'd) here then freely I give
 My heart and affection as long as I live.”
 I led her to church, and she does not suppose
 But Damon is constant, tho' under the rose.

GOOD-NATURED NANCY.

’T WAS underneath the May-blown bush,
 Where violets bloom, and sweet prim-
 With voice melodious as a thrush, [roses,
 Young Johnny sung, collecting posies :
 These to the breast must be convey’d
 Of her who warms my brightest fancy ;
 The tender, blushing, blooming maid,
 The smiling, mild, good-natur’d Nancy.

I know that some her youth will jeer,
 And call me witless oaf and zany ;
 But I from constant heart declare,
 I ne’er will wed, except my Nanny.
 I envy them nor pomp nor dress,
 Nor conquests gain’d o’er hearts of many ;
 The study of my life’s to bless,
 And please my dear, my grateful Nanny.

How much unlike my fair are those,
 Whose wanton charms are free to any ;
 I’d give the world, could I disclose
 A fiftieth part the worth of Nanny.
 Let bucks and bloods, in burnt Champaigne,
 Toast Lucy, Charlotte, Poll, and Fanny ;
 At notions so absurd and vain,
 I smile and clasp my blameless Nanny.

The SWEETS of MAY.

HARK ! the birds begin their lay,
Flowrets deck the robe of May :
See the little lambkins bound,
Playful o'er the clover-ground ;
While the heifers sportive low,
Where the yellow cowslips blow.

Now the nymphs and swains advance
O'er the lawn in perfect dance ;
Garlands from the hawthorn bough
Grace the happy shepherd's brow,
While the lasses, in array,
Wait upon the queen of May.

Innocence, content, and love,
Fill the meadows and the grove ;
Mirth, that never wears a frown,
Health with sweetnes all her own ;
Labour puts on pleasure's smile,
And pale care forgets his toil.

Ah ! what pleasure shepherds know ?
Monarchs cannot such bestow ;
Love improves each happy hour,
Grandeur has not such in store :
Learn, ambition, learn from hence,
Happiness is innocence.

The BRITISH WIVES.

TO you, ye true Britons—I mean not the men—

For women of spirit this bard draws his pen ;
 Who never to turbulent husbands submit,
 Who only find fault, because they think fit.
 Stand up for your rights, as you would for
 your lives,

That your husbands may know, you are true
 British wives.

In ages long past, from a great Eastern king,
 That women were strongest, good proof I can
 bring ;

And now you've a British king plac'd on the throne,
 Maintain all your rights, or you ought to have
 Stand up, &c. [none.

Ne'er let the bold husband, so lordly and stout,
 Triumphantly bluster and vapour about ;
 Ne'er let him disturb you in innocent chat,
 With—z—ds ! madam, no ; you're my wife—and
 But stand up, &c. [all that.

Be heroines all, and stand up for the truth,
 Grave matron, fine lady, poor woman, or youth ;
 If wrong, bravely own it : but if you are right,
 Cry freedom aloud, with true courage and might.

Stand up, &c.

The

The WAY to KEEP HIM.

YE fair, posses'd of ev'ry charm
 To captivate the will ;
 Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,
 Whose frowns at once can kill ;
 Say, will you deign the verse to hear,
 Where flatt'ry bears no part :
 An honest verse, that flows sincere
 And candid from the heart ?

Great is your pow'r, but greater yet
 Mankind it might engage,
 If, as ye all can make a net,
 Ye all cou'd make a cage :
 Each nymph a thousand hearts may take ;
 For who's to beauty blind ?
 But to what end a pris'ner make,
 Unles we've strength to bind ?

Attend the counsel often told,
 Too often told in vain ;
 Learn that best art, the art to hold,
 And lock the lover's chain :
 Gamesters to little purpose win,
 Who lose again as fast ;
 Tho' beauty may the charm begin,
 'Tis sweetness makes it last.

CUPID's RECRUITING SERJEANT.

RECITATIVE.

FROM Paphos isle, so fam'd of old, I come,
 To raise recruits with merry fife and drum ;
 The queen of beauty here by me invites,
 Each nymph and swain to taste of sweet delights :
 Obey the call, and seek the happy land,
 Where captain Cupid bears the sole command.

AIR.

Ye nymphs and ye swains who are youthful & gay,
 Attend to the call, and be blest while you may ;
 Lads and lasses hither come,
 To the sound of the drum,
 I have treasure in store which you never have seen ;
 Then haste, let us rove
 To the island of Love,
 Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

Each nymph of sixteen who would fain be a wife,
 Shall soon have a partner to bless her for life ;
 The lasses hither come,
 To the sound of the drum,
 I have sweethearts in store such as never were seen ;
 Haste, haste, let us rove
 To the island of Love,
 Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

Would

Would a swain but be blest with a nymph to his
mind,

Let him enter my list, and his wish he shall find ;
I can bleſs him for life,

With a kind loving wife,

More beautiful far than was nymph ever seen ;

Then haſte, let us rove

To the island of Love,

Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

In Paphos we know of no discord or strife,
Each nymph and each swain may be happy for life;

In transport and joy,

We each moment employ,

And taste such delights as were never yet seen ;

Then haſte, let us rove

To the island of Love,

Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

O FIE FOR SHAME.

AS thro' the grove I chanc'd to stray,
I met young Phillis on her way ;
I flew like lightning to her arms,
And gaz'd in rapture on her charms ;
Her looks reveal'd a modest flame,
But yet she cry'd—*O fie for shame.*

With eager haſte I stole a kiss,
Which blushing Phillis took amiss ;

She push'd me from her with a frown,
And call'd me bold presuming clown ;
While I confess'd myself to blame,
But still she cry'd—*O fie for shame.*

In tender sighs I told my love,
And pledg'd my faith on things above ;
But she, like all her sex, was shy,
And tho' I swore, would not comply ;
Yet I perceiv'd she met my flame,
For all she cry'd—*O fie for shame.*

When this I saw, I quickly cry'd,
Will lovely Phillis be a Bride ?
For hark !—I hear the tinkling bell :
To church let's go—it pleased her well,
And soon a kind compliance came,
In spite of all her—*Fie for shame.*

Now Hymen's bands have made us one,
The joys we taste to few are known ;
No jealous fears our bosoms move,
For constant each, we truly love :
She now declares I'm not to blame,
Nor longer cries—*O fie for shame.*

The CAUTIOUS MAID.

WHEN Hobbinoll entreated Doll,
Within the grove to enter ;
She hung her head, and, blushing, said,
She was afraid to venture.

For

For there poor Nan put faith in man,
 And sorely does repent her ;
 Which made her fear no good was near,
 And therefore will not venture.

On wedlock bent, was all he meant,
 Would that (he said) content her ?
 To prove me true, yon steeple view,
 Say—will my Dolly venture ?

Doubts still possess'd the damsel's breast,
 Till Virtue counsel lent her ;
 Haste, haste (she cry'd) be made a bride,
 And after you may venture.

Doll gave consent, to church they went,
 A wife back Hymen sent her ;
 No more a maid, she's not afraid
 With him alone to venture.

S U M M E R.

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a grove
 of tall trees,
 With my fair one as blooming as May ;
 Undisturb'd by all sound but the sighs of the
 breeze,
 Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

When

When the sun less intense to the westward inclines,
 For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,
 And see the rays dance, as inverted he shines,
 On the face of some river or lake.

Where my fairest and I, on its verge as we pass,
 (For 'tis she that must still be my theme)
 Our two shadows may view on the wat'ry glass,
 While the fish are at play in the stream.

May the herds cease to loo, and the lambkins to
 bleat,

When she sings me some am'rous strain ;
 All be silent and hush'd, unless echo repeat
 The kind words and sweet sounds back again.

And when we return to our cottage at night,
 Hand in hand as we sauntering stray,
 Let the moon's silver beams thro' the leaves give
 us light,
 Just direct us, and chequer our way.

Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
 As thus gently and slowly we move ;
 And let no single thought be exprest'd in our talk,
 But of friendship improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with these rural delights,
 And secure from ambition's alarms ;
 Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,
 And each morning shall rise with new charms.

W I N T E R.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,

And the meadows their beauties have lost ;
When nature's difrob'd of her mantle of green,
And the streams are fast bound with the frost :
While the peasant inactive, stands shivering with cold,

As bleak the winds northerly blow ;
And the innocent flocks run for ease to their fold,
With their fleeces besprinkled with snow.

In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
And they send forth their breath like a steam ;
And the neat looking dairy maid fees she must thaw
Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream :
When the sweet country maiden, as fresh as a rose,
As she carelessly trips, often slides ;
And the rustics laugh loud, it, by falling, she shews
All the charms that her modesty hides.

When the lads and the lasses for company join'd,
In a croud round the embers are met ;
Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
And of ghosts till they are all in a sweat :
When the birds to the barn come hovering for food,
Or they silently sit on the spray ;
And the poor timid hare in vain seeks the wood,
Lest her foo:steps her course should betray.

Heav'n

Heav'n grant in this season it may prove my lot,
 With the nymph whom I love and admire,
 While the icicles hang from the eves of my cot,
 I may thither in safety retire !
 Where in neatness and quiet, and free from sur-
 prise,
 We may live, and no hardships endure ;
 Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
 But such as each other may cure.

A PARODY of the foregoing Song.

WHEN the trees are in bloom, and their
 beauties are seen,
 And the gardens look lovely and gay :
 When nature is cloath'd in her mantle of green,
 And the birds chant their innocent lay :
 When the shepherd retires from Phœbus's beam,
 To the shade of the wide-spreading oak,
 To cool his parch'd throat by a murmuring stream,
 While the ox gently loo's in his yoke.

When wanton the cattle bound over the lawn,
 Or luxuriously roll on the grass ;
 When the linen, as white as the plumes of the
 Is hung on the hedge by the lafs : [swan,
 When the sweet rosy virgin, as fresh as the morn,
 With her pail on her head climbs the stile ;
 And the farmer with pleasure surveys his green
 corn,
 While the promising crop makes him smile.

When the lads and the lasses are met on the green,
 With Corin the piper their guide ;
 When young Daphne of May is elected the queen,
 With her favourite swain by her side :
 When young Colin in dancing exerts his best skill,
 His rosy-cheek'd Phœbe to please ;
 Clumsy Ralph foots it up to the maid of the mill,
 While the clowns at his awkwardness gaze.

All hail, happy season, thou mother of love,
 Thou source of content and delight ;
 Thou parent by day,—thou best gift from above,
 Thou kindest indulger of light.
 Heav'n grant that the season propitious may prove,
 The height of my wishes to gain,
 And inspire the dear heart of my charmer to love,
 That my sighs may no more be in vain.

C U P I D.

MIDST silent shades and purling streams,
 The god of love supinely dreams ;
 In rosy and fantastic chains,
 He leads deluded maids and swains :
 But if the trumpet's loud alarms
 Excite to deeds of manly arms ;
 As the tremendous sounds arise,
 The coward boy in terror flies ;
 On silken wings he cuts the air,
 Scar'd at the thunder of the war.

LOVE and INNOCENCE.

ANGELIC fair, beneath yon pine
 On grassy verdure let's recline,
 And like the morn be gay :
 See how Aurora smiles on spring ;
 See how the larks arise and sing,
 To hail the infant day.

Music shall wake the morn ; the day
 Shall roll unheeded as we play,
 In wiles impell'd by love :
 When weary, we will deign to rest
 Alternate on each other's breast,
 While Cupid guards the grove.

What prince can boast more happiness
 Than I, possessing thee, possess ;
 All care is banish'd hence :
 Say, mortals, who our deeds despise,
 In what superior pleasure lies,
 Than love and innocence !

The KISS REFUSED.

WHEN lately I offer'd Miss Charlotte to
 kiss,
 She fleer'd, and she flouted, and took it amiss ;
 Begone, you great booby, she cry'd with a frown,
 Do you think that I want to be kiss'd by a clown ?

Thus spoke the pert hussy, and view'd me all round
 With an eye of disdain, and then spit on the ground ;
 Look'd proud of her charms with an insolent
 sneer,
 And sent me away with a flea in my ear.

My blood quickly boil'd, in a violent pique,
 And red as a rose, passion glow'd on my cheek ;
 For it nettled me sore, that this flirt of the town,
 Shou'd despise a young shepherd, and call me a clown.

The girls of the country, if they had their wills,
 Wou'd kiss me, and press me, to stay on the hills ;
 Thus they lik'd me, no doubt, but this flirt of
 the town

Refus'd my fond kisses, and call'd me a clown.

May she never encounter with shepherds again,
 On the hills, in the vale, in the city, or plain ;
 And may the proud minx, for her crime to at-
 tone,
 If she can, sleep contented, but always alone.

MY FOND SHEPHERDS.

MY fond shepherds of late were so blest,
 Their fair nymphs were so happy and gay,
 That each night they went safely to rest,
 And they merrily sang thro' the day ;

But

But ah ! what a scene must appear !

Must the sweet rural pastime be o'er ?

Shall the tabor, the tabor no more strike the ear ?

Shall the dance on the green be no more ?

Will the flocks from their pastures be led,

Must the herds go wild straying abroad ;

Shall the looms be all stopp'd in each shed,

And the ships be all moor'd in each road ?

Must the arts be all scatter'd around,

And shall commerce grow sick of its tide ;

Must religion expire on the ground,

And shall virtue sink down by her side ?

B E T S Y.

MY Betsy is the blitheſt maid
That e'er young Shepherd woo'd,
She has at length my heart betray'd,

Alas ! do all I could.

For shape, for air, and manners too,

None can with her compare :

O would ſhe but be kind and true,

I'd ſoon my love declare.

Whene'er I ſee her beauteous face,

My heart with joy does burn ;

Whene'er ſhe's abſent from the place,

I long for her return.

If ſhe all others would forſake,

And fly to me alone ;

What pleasure I with her ſhould take,

While they their loss bemoan !

I'd bless the day that first I knew
 My charming Betsy fair ;
 And all my life should be to shew
 She was my only care.
 I'd vow to wed next Whitsunday,
 And make her blest for life :
 Should she refuse, then, maidens say,
 To be young Johnny's wife ?

DING DONG BELL.

MY Fanny was as fair a maid
 As any in the town,
 And I as stout and lively lad
 As e'er mow'd clover down ;
 When she agreed to tie the knot,
 I thought of nothing else :
 The knot was tied,
 Fan was my bride,
 Nor did I grudge the King his lot,
 When ding-dong went the bells.

Our sugar kisses, honey words,
 We never thought too much :
 I dare be sworn no knight or lords
 E'er gave their ladies such.
 To plow went I, to spin went she,
 And all the parish tells,
 How Ralph and Fan,
 Their loves began,
 With joys that none can greater be,
 When ding-dong went the bells.

Rare

Rare times were these— but ah! how soon
 Do wedlock's comforts fall !
 The days that were the honey moon
 Are wormwood now and gall.
 Whate'er of furies they invent
 Broke out from flaming cells,
 You now may see
 In Fan and me,
 We fight, we scold, and both repent,
 That ding-dong went the bells.

D E L I A.

Set by Mr. WILLIAM JACKSON of Exeter.

WITH Delia ever could I stay,
 Admire, adore her, all the day,
 In the same field our flocks we'll feed,
 To the same spring our heifers lead,
 What joy ! where peace and love combine,
 To make our days unclouded shine.

Teach me, ye muses, ev'ry art,
 More deeply to engage her heart ;
 I strive not to resist my flame,
 I glory in a captive's name,
 Nor would I, if I could, be free,
 But boast my loss of liberty.

A HUMOUROUS CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

SOME courtly youth whom love inspires,
 May sing of flames and soft desires,
 Or string Apollo's tuneful lyre,
 To move in melting strain ;
 But I Parnassus ne'er have seen,
 The God of Love or Cyprian Queen ;
 I know not what those fancies mean,
 A poor and homely swain.

AIR.

I know that I went to the fair ;
 The miller's daughter, Moll, was there ;
 Her beauty made me gape and stare,
 A woeful sight for John :
 I fell in love upon the place,
 And told her my unhappy case,
 Yet still she turn'd away her face,
 And bade me get me gone.

My heart went bumping in my breast,
 It broke a score of ribs at least ;
 The live-long day I took no rest,
 Nor clos'd my eyes at night :
 I am so bad at times, that I,
 For ought I know, may come to die,
 If she keeps on her cruelty ;
 I am in doleful plight.

The S U R P R I S E.

The Words and Music by J. Ganthoniy.

NEAR a meandering river's side,
 A beauteous damsel I espied ;
 Her sparkling eyes and graceful mien,
 Made her appear like love's fair queen.

She sat beneath a rock just by,
 No creature near could she descry ;
 To screen her from the sultry heat,
 She chose the secret blest retreat.

But ah ! what adamantine heart,
 Could then refuse love's pointed dart ?
 I thought I heard the urchin say,
 This is the time, make no delay.

Eager I flew at his command,
 And took my charmer by the hand ;
 The trembling fair was full of fear,
 And said, I hope no harm is near.

I gently clasp'd her lovely waist,
 And swore no mortal was more chaste ;
 Her choral lips I softly prest,
 And view'd her snowy throbbing breast.

The

The smiling god the scene survey'd,
And pierc'd the kind, the blooming maid;
With equal flame our hearts did burn,
And love for love did each return.

EX C U S E for a LOVE-SLIP.

WHAT means that tender sigh, my dear ?
Why silent drops that crystal tear ?
What jealous fears disturb thy breast,
Where love and peace delight to rest ?

What though thy Jockey has been seen
With Molly sporting on the green ?
'Twas but an artful trick to prove
The matchless force of Jenny's love.

'Tis true a nosegay I address'd,
To grace the witty Daphne's breast ;
But 'twas at her desire, to try
If Damon cast a jealous eye.

Those flow'rs will fade by morning dawn,
Neglected, scatter'd o'er the lawn ;
But in thy fragrant bosom lies
A sweet perfume that never dies.

The REJECTED LOVER.

REsolv'd to love, I Polly woo'd,
The nymph I did adore ;
I sigh'd and pin'd,—as lovers do,
What cou'd a youth do more ?

No nymph was e'er so fair—I thought
 Her eyes like sparkling ore :
 I us'd all arts as lovers use,
 And no one could do more.

But she for love disdain return'd,
 Tho' kneeling I'd implore ;
 Yet she was deaf to every sigh,
 And I could do no more ;
 O say, ye youths ! was this not hard ?
 That I'd no pitying pow'r,
 That I ! in vain so oft should plead,
 So oft, in vain adore ?

At length, quite wearied with despair,
 Seeing she'd not comply ;
 I, by degrees, resum'd the man,
 And Polly did defy.
 For sighs and tears I found were vain,
 No pity could implore ;
 I try'd each soothing tale and song,
 What could a youth do more ?

Of Polly now no more, my muse,
 My heart's once only store ;
 I did all that a man could do,
 And no one could do more.
 Farewel ! ungrateful girl, farewell,
 That ever liv'd since Adam,
 I've nothing more than this to say,
 Your humble servant, Madam.

HARK! TO THE WOODS. *A Hunting Song.*

WHEN Phœbus begins just to peep o'er the hills,
 With horns we awaken the day ;
 And rouze brother sportsmen, who sluggishly sleep,
 With—hark ! to the woods, hark ! away.
 See the hounds are uncoupled in musical cry,
 How sweetly it echos around :
 And high-mettled steeds with their neighings all seem
 With pleasure to echo the sound.

Behold when fly Reynard, with panic and dread,
 At distance o'er hillocks doth bound ;
 The pack on the scent fly with rapid career ;
 Hark, the horns, O how sweetly they sound !
 Now on the chace, o'er hills and o'er dales,
 All dangers we nobly defy ;
 Our nags are all stout, and our sports we'll pursue,
 With shouts that resound to the sky.

But see how he lags, all his arts are in vain,
 No longer with swiftness he flies ;
 Each hound in his fury determines his fate,
 The traitor is seiz'd on and dies.
 With shouting and joy we return from the field,
 With drink crown the sports of the day ;
 Then to rest we recline till the horns call again,
 Then away, to the woodlands, away.

The H U M.

YOUNG Strephon was an artful youth,
To every nymph he vow'd his truth,
And won the easy fair.

But when the maid for marriage sigh'd,
The artful swain with laugh reply'd,
You cannot hum me there.

Poor Phœbe sighs a lover stray'd,
By his too artful tale betray'd,
She left fair virtue's sphere ;
But, when the maid for marriage sigh'd.
The cunning swain with laugh reply'd,
You're fairly hum'd, my dear.

Young Lucy caught his fickle heart,
He try'd by ev'ry 'witching art
That cunning lovers know ;
But all his sighs could not prevail,
She answer'd, to his wily tale,
You shall not hum me so.

At length, o'ercome by gen'rous love,
The swain propos'd his truth he'd prove,
And seal the marriage vow ;
With softest languor in her eyes,
I yield, my love, the maid replies,
But do not hum me now.

The FINAL RESOLUTION.

BY the ladies I oft have been charg'd with
neglect,
For the bottle they vow I have greater respect ;
They carp at my conduct, my words they intwine,
Miss Betty they cry up, but down with my wine.
I sometimes must own they my spirits perplex,
But, say what they will, I adore the dear sex ;
Love and truth is the motto of Cupid's great
shrine,
But Bacchus's motto is mirth, love, and wine.

Give reason but room, take a moment to think
How insipid's the lover who never could drink ;
But let him once taste the ripe juice of the vine,
He'll soon be convinc'd of the force of good wine.
Observe me, ye fair, I'll this maxim ne'er scan,
I'll be the true lover, but keep up the man ;
What's wine without love ? let your sages define,
Or tell me, ye lovers, what's love without wine ?

Grave prudes they may rail, and all wond'ring,
declare,
How vulgar and drunken the fellows all are,
But, under the rose, I a truth must define,
The hussseys themselves love a bumper of wine.
Nor is he the lover, when Chloe does frown,
Who runs to the brook with intention to drown ;
Now my way's another, — all must approve mine,
For if I must drown, it shall be in good wine.

Give

Give me love as it's meant, and I care not a straw,
 Of the same give me wine, and in neither a flaw,
 Since love was the great and creative design,
 So to heighten that love was sent us good wine ;
 Say who should one blessing another annoy,
 Since each was design'd us in turn to enjoy ;
 Let the puny tame lover for beauty repine,
 No love is like that that's inspir'd by good wine.

FEMALE LIBERTY REGAIN'D.

THO' man has long boasted an absolute sway,
 While woman's hard fate was love, ho-
 nour, obey ;
 At length over wedlock fair liberty dawns,
 And the lords of creation must pull in their horns ;
 For Hymen among ye proclaims his decree,
 When husbands are tyrants, their wives will be
 free.

Away with your doubts, your surmises and fears,
 'Tis Venus beats up for her gay volunteers ;
 Enlist at her banner, you'll vanquish with ease,
 And make of your husbands what creatures you
 please :

To arms then, ye fair ones, and let the world see,
 When husbands are tyrants their wives will be free.

The rights of your sex wou'd you e'er see restor'd,
 Your tongues shou'd be used as a two edged sword;
 That ear-piercing weapon each husband must
 dread,

Who thinks on the marks you may place on his
 head:

Then wisely unite, till the men all agree,
 That woman, dear woman, shall ever be free.

No more shall the wife, all meek as a lamb,
 Be subject to, Zounds, do you know who I am;
 Domestic politeness shall flourish again,
 When women take courage to govern the men;
 Then stand to your charter, and let the world see,
 Tho' husbands are tyrants, their wives will be free.

MAKE HAY WHILST THE SUN SHINES.

TIS a maxim I hold, whilst I live to pursue,
 Not a thing to defer, which to-day I can do:
 This piece of good council attend to, I pray,
 For while the sun shines is the time to make hay.

Attend the dear nymph to an arbour or grove,
 In her ear gently pour the soft poison of love;
 With kisles and presses your rapture convey,
 For while the sun shines is the time to make hay.

If Chloe is kind and gives ear to your plaint,
 Declare your whole sentiments free from restraint:
 Enforce your petition, and make no delay,
 For while the sun shines is the time to make hay.

But

But should you the present occasion let pass,
 The world may with justice proclaim you an ass:
 Then briskly attack her; if longer you stay,
 The sun may not shine, and you cannot make hay

B L A C K S L O V E N.

L AST Valentine's day when bright Phœbus
 shone clear,
 I had not been hunting for more than a year;
 Talleo, talleo:
 I mounted black Sloven, o'er the road made him
 bound,
 For I heard the hounds challenge, and horns
 sweetly sound,
 Talleo, talleo.

Halloo into covert, old Anthony cries,
 No sooner he spoke, but the fox, sir, he spies;
 This being the signal, he then crack'd his whip,
 Talleo was the word, and away we did leap.

Then up rides Dick Dawson, who car'd not a pin,
 He sprang at the drain, but his horse tumbled in;
 And as he crept out, why he spy'd the old Ren',
 With his tongue hanging out, stealing home to
 his den.

Our hounds and our horses were always as good
 As ever broke covert, or dash'd thro' the wood;
 Old Reynard runs hard, but must certainly die,
 Have at you, old Tony, Dick Dawson did cry.

The

The hounds they had run twenty miles now or more,

Old Anthony fretted, he curs'd too and swore;
But Reynard being spent, soon must give up the ghost,

Which will heighten our joys, when we come to each toast.

The day's sport being over, the horns we will sound,

To the jolly foxhunters let echo resound;
So fill up your glasses, and chearfully drink,
To the honest true sportsman who never will shrink.

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

SOME sing in the praise of a friend or a glass,
The theme of my song is a favourite lass:
For her I relinquish my friend and the bowl,
For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul.

In friendship, 'tis true, many pleasures we prove;
But what are all these to the raptures of love:
For Chloe I leave both the friend and the bowl,
For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul.

The bottle I love, and a friend I admire;
But Chloe enjoys ev'ry wish and desire:
Her wit, youth, and beauty my passions controul,
For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul.

The

The bottle I love, and a friend I admire ;
 But Chloe enjoys ev'ry wish and desire :
 Her wit, youth, and beauty, my passions controul,
 For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul.

Then Chloe, dear Chloe, shall bleſs me for life,
 I'll yield ev'ry joy to a virtuous wife ;
 For her I relinquish my friends and the bowl,
 For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul.

The D E T E R M I N A T I O N.

WHEN I was a young man I long'd
 To know what the world was a doing,
 To London with others I throng'd,
 Nor knew well what I was pursuing.
 But good lack-a-day, what a din !
 I through the crowd scarcely could bustle ;
 In every place I was in,
 To pass the folks I had a tustle.

But what I did mostly admire,
 Was the busy air of each creature ;
 Which seem'd so their thoughts to inspire,
 Dull care was impreſt in each feature.
 In highest and lowest degree,
 Odzookers, in every station,
 They all politicians would be,
 And govern and settle the nation.

I found it a folly to roam,
 Such hurry and bustle was teasing :
 The joys I had tasted at home,
 A thousand times sure were more pleasing.
 So back to our hamlet I came,
 And enter'd in Hymen's soft fetters,
 With Dolly, my fond loving dame,
 And left care and strife to my betters.

R E A L L O V E.

AS Phillis and I together were sat,
 All rural, beneath a cool shade ;
 Busy'd in love and harmless chat,
 Where wavy branches play'd.
 Thus in contentment, joy, and love,
 We pass our hours away :
 Endearments soft, my heart does move,
 Her presence rules the day.

'Tis her I love ; for her I live ;
 No day nor hour I spend,
 But what with her my heart I leave,
 With Phillis, my love ! my friend !
 No, not a pause my rapture knows,
 Nor no tumultuous care ;
 For more and more my soul it glows
 Intense upon the fair.

Sweet

Sweet social joys, communion true,
Our love no impulse knows ;
With blessings bless'd, for ever new
Our love dilated grows.

Soon as Aurora plumes the east
And roseate mantle spreads,
Bedeck'd with health and happiness,
We joyous trip the meads.

Like as the Sun in amber car
His annual orbit runs,
So shines my Phillis, beauteous fair,
As bright as summer suns.
Sedate her thoughts, a modest air,
She scorns each impious art,
With judgment just and sense refin'd,
She captivates my heart.

The H I N T.

ATTEND all ye virgins, and list to my song,
I'll warrant the truth, and it shall not be
long :
'Tis a hint to that sex who our virtue affails,
When favours are granted—they never tell tales.

With oaths, protestations and sighs the men swear
They'd lay down their lives in defence of the
fair ;
But defence and protection no longer avails,
The favour once gain'd, they forget—and tell
tales. Young

Young Damon was dying, and swore by his life
 He could not survive till he'd Sylvia to wife :
 In pity she listen'd—he by art did prevail ;
 But little she thought 'twas a different tale.

When, alas, the dire change! soon found the poor
 maid

Of her honour and virtue so meanly betray'd,
 Enrag'd was the nymph, at his perfidy rails,
 And justly abhors him for treach'ry and tales.

Then tell me, ye lords and ye masters, I pray,
 Is love and protection, to sooth and betray ?
 If so, may each man who so meanly prevails
 Be despis'd all his life—for telling of tales.

You cannot be angry at what I relate ;
 You know it a truth, and you cannot gainsay't :
 No sooner the swain o'er a maiden prevails,
 But flush with success he runs telling of tales.

Ye girls act with caution, men's arts then beware,
 And learn to avoid each intricate snare ;
 Then take my advice, nor let falsehood prevail,
 Adore the fond youth, but despise the tell-tale.

The CONTEMPLATION.

AS Daphne sat beneath a shade,
 To keep her sheep from straying,
 It is a pleasing thing, she said,
 To live without obeying.

How

How pleasant is a single life,
'Tis far beyond expression !
But she, that is become a wife,
Needs pity and compassion.

She bids adieu to all her joy,
When matrimony binds her
To one, who does his thoughts employ,
In striving to confine her.

How pleasant then is liberty,
When none can e'er molest them ;
And they are fools who don't live free,
When fortune so has blest them.

The FOND LOVER.

HOW pleasant the meadows, how joyful each
scene,
How blithe sang the bird on the spray,
How gay bloom'd the flow'r that enamel'd the
green,
And the time past delightful away !

Then, Colin, how happy you rang'd thro' the
grove,
Or reclin'd by the side of the stream,
Your heart was your own, not tormented by love,
And freedom and ease were your theme.

O

But

But when, luckless minute ! Maria appear'd,
With charms more than mortal can boast,
No sound from your tongue but Maria was heard,
And Maria was always your toast.

If she went to the church, you were sure to be
there,

And with rapture still gaz'd on her face;
Not to heaven, but her, you directed your pray'r,
And forgot your respect to the place.

When, her hand gently pressing, you gaz'd on
her face,

What extasies thrill'd through your breast!
Enraptur'd ! admiring each charm and each grace,
'Till your heart was depriv'd of its rest:

Then speak, lovely maiden, let pity prevail,
And bless with a smile your fond swain;
Reject not his passion, but list to his tale,
And Hymen shall rivet his chain.

D A M O N *and* P H I L L I S.

S EE, see yon' fair prospect, how lovely it seems,
How bright on the river shines Sol's silver
beams ?

What a concert is here with the lark and the
thrush,

With linnets that warble and sing from each bush?
But well may they warble, and nature look gay,
Since Damon and Phillis were wedded to day.

,'Tis

'Tis now just a month since, as crossing the plain,
That Phillis first saw, and was seen by the swain ;
Some glances they chang'd—the youth saw her
home,

And soon, very soon, they did lovers become :
He prest her to marry—she bid him to stay ;
If she found him in earnest, she'd fix on a day.

She prov'd it a truth : he was faithful and kind,
For shepherds are not like false lovers inclin'd ;
Nor like a coquet, void of feeling and sense,
Was the nymph, as she seem'd to keep him in
suspense :

The next time he ask'd her, she did not say nay,
So Damon and Phillis were wedded to-day.

'Tis here in the village true peace reigns alone,
Here only the sweets of contentment are known ;
The swains are sincere, and the nymphs are all
kind ;

True love only wins them—to int'rest they're
blind :

Whene'er that invites them, its call they obey,
Uniting like Damon and Phillis to-day.

S A L L Y.

NO nymph that trips the verdant plains
With Sally can compare ;
She wins the hearts of all the swains,
And rivals all the fair.

The beams of Sol delight and clear,
 While summer seasons roll,
 But Sally's smiles can all the year
 Give summer to the soul.

When from the East the morning ray,
 Illumes the world below,
 Her presence bids the God of day
 With emulation glow.

Fresh beauties deck the painted ground ;
 Birds sweeter notes prepare ;
 The playful lambkins skip around,
 And hail the sister fair.

The lark but strains his liquid throat
 To bid the maid rejoice,
 And mimicks, while he swells the note,
 The sweetnes of her voice.

The fanning zephyrs round her play,
 While Flora sheds perfume,
 And every flow'ret seems to say,
 I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim ;
 From morn to eve their tale,
 Her beauty and unspotted fame
 Make vocal every vale.

The stream meand'ring through the mead,
 Her echo'd name conveys,
 And every voice, and every reed,
 Is tun'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blithesome lass and swain
 To mirthful wake resort,
 Nor every May-morn on the plain
 Advance in rural sport ;
 No more shail gush the purling till,
 Nor music wake the grove,
 Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,
 When I forget to love.

T O - M O R R O W.

I Heed not, while life's on the wing,
 What fate or what fortune may bring,
 Nor think or of care or of sorrow ;
 Would you know why so happy and gay ?
 I've liv'd, my companions, to-day,
 And will waste not a thought on to-morrow.

What pleasures already are flown,
 The joys my fond heart might have known,
 I could not repeat without sorrow ;
 When eagerly brimm'd the brisk wine,
 When love, half consenting, was mine,
 A whisper came, stay till to-morrow.

I'll live, for I'm wiser at last,
 The present shall pay for the past,
 No moment of future I'll borrow ;
 The cheat now I fairly descry ;
 On to-day you must only rely ;
 Look not for a friend in to-morrow.

I'll catch ev'ry swift flying hour,
 I'll taste ev'ry joy in my pow'r,
 And teach you to smile away sorrow ;
 If love now bids beauty be kind,
 If you've nectar to gladden your mind,
 Have nothing to do with to-morrow :

THRO' THE WOOD LADDIE.

O Sandy, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn ?
 Thy presence could ease me,
 When naething can please me ;
 Now dowie sigh on the banks of the Burn,
 Or thro' the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are
 While lav'rocks are singing, [clear,
 And primroses springing,
 Yet nane of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,
 When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken some spare not to tell,
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
 Baith ev'ning and morning,
 Their jeering goes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander my sell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, no longer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy marrow,
 Wha's living in langour 'till that happy day,
 When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing,
 and play.

The FLOWERIST's CHOICE.

THE fragrant lily of the vale,
 So elegantly fair,
 Whose sweets perfume each fanning gale,
 To Chloe I compare.

What though on earth it lowly grows,
 And strives its head to hide,
 Its sweetness far outvies the rose
 That flants with so much pride.

The costly tulip owes its hue
 To many a gaudy stain ;
 In this, we view the virgin white
 Of innocence remain.

See how the curious florist's hand
 Uprears its humble head,
 And, to preserve the charming flow'r,
 Transplants it to his bed.

There, while it sheds its sweets around,
 How shines each modest grace,
 Enraptur'd ! how its owner stands
 To view its lovely face !

But pray, my Chloe, now observe
 The inference of my tale,
 May I the florist be, and thou,
 My lily of the vale.

The

The WINE VAULT.

By Mr. George Alexander Stevens.

Tune, The hounds are all out.

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,
 For what can this world more afford,
 Than a girl that will sociably sit on my knee,
 And a cellar that's plentiful stor'd.

My brave boys.

My vault-door is open, descend ev'ry guest,
 Broach that cask, aye, that wine we will try,
 'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taite,
 And as bright as her cheek to the eye.

In a piece of slit hoop I my candle have stuck,
 'Twill light us each bottle to hand;
 And the foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,
 For I hate that a bumper should stand.

We are dry where we sit, tho' the oozy drops
 seem

The moist walls with wet pearls to emboss,
 From the arch, mouldy cobwebs in Gothic taste
 stream,
 Like stucco-work cut out of moss.

Astride on a butt, as a butt should be strod,
 I sit my companions among,
 Like grape-blessing Bacchus, the good fellow's
 And a sentiment give, or a song.

The

The PRUDENT SHEPHERDESS.

AT the age of sixteen I had sweethearts a score,
 They kiss'd and caress'd me, what could
 they do more;
 But Prudence soon whisper'd a word in my ear,
 That men were deceitful, and meant to ensnare;
 I vow'd to remember the words she had said,
 For fear they should harm a poor innocent maid.

Each night I went forth to the sports of the green,
 Such numbers came round me as never were seen;
 They prais'd ev'ry feature, and flatter'd, and swore,
 But alas ! they to others had done so before :
 I listen'd with caution to what they all said,
 For fear they should harm a poor innocent maid.

But lately young Strephon, the pride of the plain,
 Has try'd ev'ry art my affections to gain ;
 There lives not, perhaps, so accomplish'd a youth,
 He's known all around for his virtue and truth :
 Whenever he's with me I am not afraid,
 He never will harm a poor innocent maid.

I must not be prudish, nor forward, nor free,
 But I'll cherish the swain, since he's constant to
 me ;

His heart is right honest, his actions sincere,
 And to please me alone is his wish and his care :
 He loves me so truly, I'll not be afraid,
 For he never will harm a poor innocent maid.

CYMON

CYMON and IPHIGENIA.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

NEAR a thick grove, whose deep embow'ring shade,
 Seem'd most for love and contemplation made;
 A chrystral stream with gentle murmurs flows,
 Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose;
 Thither retir'd from Phœbus' sultry ray,
 And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.
 Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love,
 By chance was stumbling to the neigh'bring
 grove;
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he went for want of thought;
 But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,
 He gap'd—he star'd, her lovely form survey'd;
 And while with artless voice he sweetly sung,
 Beauty and nature thus inform'd his Tongue.

AIR.

The stream that glides in murmurs by,
 Who's glassy bosom shews the sky,
 Completes the rural scene;
 But in thy bosom, charming maid,
 All heav'n itself is sure display'd,
 Too lovely Iphigene.

REC.

RECITATIVE.

She wakes and starts—poor Cymon trembling stands,

Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands :
 Bright excellence, said he, dispel all fear,
 Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.
 Half-rais'd, with gentle accent, she replies,
 Oh, Cymon ! if 'tis you, I need not rise ;
 Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain ;
 Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.
 The clown, transported, was not silent long,
 But thus with extacy pursu'd his song.

AIR.

Thy jetty locks, that careless break,
 In wanton ringlets down thy neck,

Thy love-inspiring mein ;
 Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,
 And taper shape, enchant me so,
 I die for Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd she listens, nor can trace from whence
 The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense :
 She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and strait,
 And thinks he might improve his auk'ard gait ;
 Bids him be secret, and next day attend,
 At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend.
 Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead,
 And nature's language surest will succeed.

AIR.

A I R.

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,
 Kindling gentle, chaste desire,
 Love can rage itself controul,
 And elevate the human soul :
 Depriv'd of that, our wretched state
 Had made our lives of too long date ;
 But blest with beauty and with love,
 We taste what Angels do above.

J U S T A S Y O U W I L L.

YE nymphs and ye swains who are youthful
 and gay,
 Pray tarry a while and attend to my lay ;
 The story may serve a few moments to kill,
 You may laugh, or may cry, or do just as you
 will.

Young Ralph of the vale courted Sue of the
 green,
 A lovelier damselp sure never was seen ;
 But Susan was coy, and us'd Ralph very ill ;
 So he left her, and flew to young Patt of the mill.

Young Patt was a beauty, but she was a prude,
 Whenever he kiss'd her, the vow'd he was rude ;
 Displeas'd with her folly, he went to the hill,
 Where dwelt lovely Bett, who thought kissing
 no ill.

The

The swain he was handsome, the lass she was kind,
And Ralph found that Bett was the girl to his
mind ;

So he led her to church, and of love took his fill,
For wedded, Bett lets him do just as he will.

Now Susan and Patt sigh alone in despair,
Then learn from their folly this lesson, ye fair ;
When a swain that is honest thinks marriage no
ill, [will.
Ne'er slight him, but wed, and do just as you

The B E A U.

A Wig that's full, an empty scull,
A box of burgamot ;
A hat ne'er made to fit the head,
No more than that to plot :
A hand that's white, a ring that's right,
A sword-knot, patch, and feather ;
A gracious smile, and grounds and oil,
Do very well together.

A smatch of French, but none of sense,
All conqu'ring airs and graces ;
A tune that thrills, a leer that kills,
Stol'n flights and borrow'd phrases ;
A chariot gilt, to wait on jilt,
An awkward pace and carriage ;
A foreign tour, domestic whore,
And mercenary marriage.

A limber ham, with d—mme, ma'm,
 A smock face, tho' a tann'd one ;
 A peaceful sword, not one wife word,
 But stare and prate at random :
 Duns, bastards, claps, and amorous scraps
 Of Cælia and Amadis,
 Toss up a beau, that grand ragou,
 That hotch-potch for the ladies.

I N F A N C Y.

IN Infancy our hopes and fears
 Are to each other known ;
 No sordid int'rest then appears,
 Affection rules alone.
 As friendship ripens with our youth,
 The fruit was gather'd there ;
 Bright wisdom and fair blooming truth
 Subsided ev'ry care.

Ah ! happy, more than happy state !
 Where hearts are twin'd in one !
 Yet few, so wretched is our fate,
 Can wear the tender crown :
 By one rude touch the roses fall,
 And all their beauties fade,
 In vain we sigh, in vain we call,
 Too late is human aid !

B A C.

BACCHANALIAN ADVICE.

RAIL no more, ye learned asses,
 'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies ;
 Sound its depth, and fill your glasses ;
 Wisdom at the bottom lies.
 Fill them higher still and higher ;
 Shallow draughts perplex the brain :
 Sipping quenches all our fire,
 Bumpers light it up again.

Draw the scene for wit and pleasure,
 Enter jollity and joy ;
 We for thinking have no leisure,
 Manly mirth is our employ.
 Since in life there's nothing certain,
 We'll the present hour engage ;
 And, when death shall drop the curtain,
 With applause we'll quit the stage.

A HUNTING SONG.

LET the slave of ambition and wealth
 On the frolic of fortune depend,
 I ask but old claret and health,
 A pack of good hounds, and a friend.
 In such, real joys will be found,
 True happiness centers in these,
 While each moment, that dances around,
 Is crown'd with contentment and ease.

Old claret can drive away care,
 Health smiles on our days as they roll ;
 What can with true friendship compare ?
 And a tally I love with my soul.
 Then up with your bumper, my boys,
 Each hour that flies we'll improve ;
 A heel-tap's a spy on our joys,
 Here's to fox-hunting, friendship, and love.

CUPID ! GOD OF SOFT PERSUASION.

CUPID ! god of soft persuasion,
 Take the helpless lover's part ;
 Seize, oh ! seize, some kind occasion
 To reward a faithful heart.

Justly those we tyrants call,
 Who the body would enthrall ;
 Tyrants of more cruel kind,
 Those who would enslave the mind.

Cupid ! &c.

What is grandeur ? foe to rest ;
 Childish mummery at best :
 Happy I in humble state ;
 Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.

Cupid ! &c.

SALLY.

S A L L Y.

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
 From nymph to nymph I strove in vain
 My wild desires to rally ;
 But now they're of themselves come home,
 And strange ! no longer wish to roam,
 They center all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy,
 And cries, I court but to destroy ;
 Can love with ruin tally ?
 By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
 I would all deaths, all torments bear,
 Rather than injure Sally.

Come then, O come, thou sweeter far
 Than violets and roses are,
 Or lilies of the valley !
 O follow Love, and quit your fear,
 He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
 And make me blest in Sally.

ORPHEUS *and* EURYDICE.

WHEN Orpheus went down from the re-
 gions below,
 Which men are forbidden to see,
 He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories shew,
 To set his Eurydice free.

All hell stood amaz'd, that a person so wise,
Should so rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far, but how vast their surprize !
When they heard that he came for his wife.

To find out a punishment due to the fault,
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain ;
But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought,
So he gave him his wife back again.
But pity succeeding soon vanquish'd his heart,
And pleas'd with his playing so well,
He took her again, in reward for his art :
Such power had music in hell.

The RECANTATION.

RECITATIVE.

THE kind appointment Celia made,
And nam'd the myrtle bow'r ;
There, fretting, long poor Damon stay'd
Beyond the promis'd hour :
No longer able to contain
This anxious expectation,
With rage he sought t'allay his pain,
And vented thus his passion.

A I R.

To all the sex deceitful,
A long and last adieu,
Since women prove ungrateful,
As long as men prove true.

The

The pains they give are many,
And oh ! too hard to bear ;
The joys they give—if any,
Few, short, and insincere.

RECITATIVE.

Now Celia, from Mamma got loose,
Had reach'd the calm retreat ;
With modest blush she begg'd excuse,
And chid her tardy feet.
The shepherd, from each doubt releas'd,
His joy could not restrain,
But, as each tender thought increas'd,
Thus chang'd his railing strain.

AIR.

How engaging, how endearing,
Is a lover's pain and care !
And what joy the nymph's appearing,
After absence or despair !
Women wise increase desiring,
By contriving kind delays ;
And advancing or retiring,
All they mean—is more to please.

The SOLDIER's FAREWELL.

RECITATIVE.

ROUS'D by the drum, the signal to away,
Ready to march, see soldier Will obey ;
Close to his side his much-lov'd Moll appears,
Her hair dishevel'd, red her eyes with tears :

Her

Her belly prominent, too plainly shews,
Not vain her grief, not vain alas ! her woes ;
With loving arms she clasp'd him to her breast,
And thus her wishes, thus her fears exprest'd.

A I R.

Tune, Long had the French navy, &c.

And must my dear William sail over the main,
To fight the false Frenchmen, or humble proud
Spain ?

Ah ! must you be gone from your dear native shore ?
I fear, ah ! I fear I shall see thee no more ;
In my mind I behold the broad ensigns display'd,
The men all in order for battle array'd ;
The trumpet gives notice for fight to prepare,
I die at the thoughts on't, I sink with despair.

CHORUS, The trumpet, &c.

Should heaven assist thee against the proud foe,
And conquest the laurel of vict'ry bestow !
Safe return'd to my arms should I see thee again,
Escap'd from the contest where thousands are slain,
How blest will my fate be !—while many must
mourn,

For those whom grim death won't permit to return ;
My spirits revive, safe from war's dread alarms,
My William with glory shall bless these fond arms,

RECITATIVE.

Will, in whose breast each manly virtue shone,
With sympathizing sorrow heard her moan ;

First

First wipes the tears that started in his eyes,
And then to calm her sorrow thus he tries.

A I R.

Tune, What cheer, my honest messmate.
Ne'er fear, my dearest Molly,
But I shall come again;
Tho' o'er the foaming ocean,
I sail against proud Spain:
From death kind Heav'n will guard me,
Amid the dire alarms,
And safe again restore me,
Unto thy faithful arms.

Then grieve not I must leave you,
'Tis only for a while;
To England soon I shall return,
With honour and with spoil;
Then banish sorrow from thy heart,
That foe to all thy charms,
For safely I shall come again
Unto thy faithful arms.

The SOLDIER's RETURN.

RECITATIVE.

SUN-BURNT and ragged, mark'd with scars,
and poor,
See soldier Will to England come once more;
And

And as he weary trudg'd from street to street,
His Molly, dearly lov'd, he chanc'd to meet ;
With joyful arms she clasp'd him to her breast,
And once again her soldier thus address'd.

A I R.

Tune, No more of my Harriot, &c.

And is my dear Billy come home once again,
From the terrors of war on the land and the main ?
Still true to thy love, tho' thy absence I've mourn'd,
Yet my sorrows all vanish since thou art return'd ;
Then cheer up, my lad, and thy fortune declare,
What glory, what riches you've gain'd in the war.

RECITATIVE.

Chear'd by his Molly's kindness, Will began
To clear his brow, and re-assume the man ;
And while, in loving sort, her hand he press'd,
He freely thus his sentiments express'd.

A I R.

Tune, Come, come, my good shepherds.

In vain, my dear Molly, we fancy in war,
Such triumph, such glory, and riches there are ;
The glory we share from the great to the small,
But as to the riches—the great have em' all.

Though hard we must never enquire or know,
That just in the time we should strike a bold blow ;
Our conquests, our laurels, all purchas'd so dear,
Must, for what the Lord knows ! be restor'd to
Monsieur. But

But what we can't help, girl, we needs must
endure,
And my sword in its scabbard may now rest secure;
I'll follow my trade which my fancy best suits,
To patching old shoes, or to piecing old boots.

The POWER of WOMEN.

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll
entwine,
And barter all joy for a goblet of wine;
In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?
'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair;
For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass.

'Tis woman whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,
And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart:
The miser himself, (so supreme is her sway)
Grows a convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice sorrow lifts up her head,
And poverty listens well pleas'd from her shed;
While age, in an ecstasy, hobbling along,
Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
The largest and deepest, that stands on the board;
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair;
'Tis the toast of a lover, and pledge me who dare.

The

The FREE MASONs.

WE brethren, free masons, let's mark the
great name,

Most ancient and loyal, recorded by fame ;
In unity met, let us merrily sing,
The life of a mason's like that of a king.

No discord, no envy, amongst us shall be,
No confusion of tongues, but let's all agree ;
Not, like building of Babel confound one another,
But fill up your glasses, and drink to each brother.

A tower they wanted to lead them to bliss ;
I hope there's no brother but knows what it is ;
Three principal steps in our ladder there be,
A myst'ry to all, but to those that are free.

Let the strength of our reason keep the square of
our heart,

And virtue adorn ev'ry man in his part ;
The name of a Cowan, we'll not ridicule,
But pity his blindness and count him a fool.

Let's lead a good life, whilst power we have ;
And when that our bodies are laid in the grave,
We hope with good conscience to heaven to climb,
And give Peter the pass-word, the token, the
sign.

Saint Peter he opens, and so we pass in [sin ;
To a place that's prepar'd for all those free from
To that heavenly lodge which is tyl'd most secure ;
A place that's prepar'd for all those that are pure.

The

The B O W E R S.

HOW pleas'd within my native bow'rs,
E'er while I pass'd the day,
Was ever scene so deck'd with flow'rs,
Were ever flow'rs so gay :
How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
And all the landscape round ;
The river gliding down the dale,
The hills with beeches crown'd.

But yet when urg'd by tender woes,
I speed to meet my dear,
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
And check my fond career :
No more, since Daphne was my theme,
Those wonted charms I see ;
That verdant hill and silver stream,
Divide my love and me.

Sung by Diana, in Dryden's Secular Masque.

WITH horns and with hounds I awaken
the day,
And hie to the woodland walks away ?
I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
And tie to my forehead a waxen moon ;
I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
And chace the wild goats o'er summits of rocks ;
With shooting and hooting we pierce thro' the sky,
And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

With shooting, &c.

Q

A

A favourite HUNTING DUET.

WHEN Phoebus the tops of the hills does
adorn,

How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn ?
When the antling stag is rouz'd with the sound,
Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
And thinks he has left us behind on the plain :
But still we pursue, and now come in view of the
glorious game.

O see how again he rears up his head,
And winged with fear, he redoubles his speed ;
But, oh ! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain that he flies,
That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose the
cries :
For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,
And he pants 'till with well-scented hounds sur-
rounded he dies.

The POWERS of MUSIC, LOVE and WINE.

IF Music can charm, and if Love can invite ;
No less, rosy Bacchus, thou giv'st us delight ;
I love them, 'tis true, but my bottle, I swear,
Is at once the best friend, and physician of care ;
But would a gay mortal taste rapture divine,
Apollo and Venus with Bacchus must join.

The

The POWER of NATURE.

WHERE Virtue encircles the fair,
 There lilies and roses are vain;
 Each blossom must droop with despair,
 Where innocence takes up her reign,
 No gaudy embellishing arts
 The fair one need call to her aid,
 Who kindly by nature imparts
 The graces that nature has made.
 The swain who has sense must despise
 Each coquettish art to ensnare,
 If timely ye'd wish to be wise
 Attend to my council ye fair.
 Let virgins whom nature has blest,
 Her sovereign dictates obey;
 For beauties by nature express'd,
 Are beauties that never decay.

A D V I C E to PHILLIS.

HOW sweet are the roses of June,
 The pink and the Jessamine gay!
 But stripp'd of their blossoms, how soon,
 How sudden those sweets will decay!
 Just such is the maid in her prime,
 Ador'd with the bloom of fifteen,
 But robb'd of her beauty by time,
 No traces of youth can be seen.

Then Phillis, be wise while you may,
 To Damon's addresses prove kind,
 Relent, or believe what I say,
 Too late you will alter your mind.
 When next the fond youth shall declare
 The passion which glows in his breast,
 With him to the altar repair,
 Nor longer refuse to be blest.

G R E A T G O D *of* S L E E P.

G R E A T god of sleep (since it must be,
 That we must give some hours to thee)
 Invade me not while the full bowl,
 Glows in my cheeks and warms my soul!
 Be that the only time to snore,
 When I can laugh and drink no more;
 Short, very short, be then thy reign,
 For I'm in haste to drink again.

But oh! if melting in my arms,
 In some soft dream, with all her charms,
 The nymph belov'd should then surprize,
 And grant what waking she denies;
 Then, gentle slumber, prithee say,
 Slowly, ah! slowly bring the day;
 Let no rude noise my bliss destroy;
 Such sweet delusion's real joy.

The A M O R O U S K I S S.

T H E rosy morn unbarr'd her gate,
 To let the day appear;
 When I, afraid of being too late,
 Stole softly to my dear. Wrapp'd

Wrapp'd in a pleasing sleep she lay,
 Her veil was loosely spread,
 Which did her tender limbs betray,
 Nor kept one beauty hid.

I gently stole an am'rous kiss,
 Which crimson'd o'er her face,
 Nor yet content with such a bliss,
 Sought a diviner place.

Her eyes then opening like the day,
 Emit a piercing beam ;
 She wak'd, I stole with speed away,
 She took it for a dream.

The CONSTANT SHEPHERD.

IF love be a fault, and in me thought a crime,
 How great's my offence, bear witness O time ;
 The days and the nights, and the hours as they
 roll'd,
 You know may be felt, but are ne'er to be told.

One day pass'd away, I felt nothing but love,
 Another came on, and the same thing did prove,
 The sun it grew tir'd still to look on the same ;
 But I grew more pleas'd, as the next moment
 came.

I saw you all day, and all day with new gust,
 And yet every day was to me as the first ;
 Thus fleeting-time passes with down on its wings,
 And whilst this remains, rest unenvy'd ye kings.

If this be a crime, be my judges, ye fair,
 And if I must die for what is so rare ;
 True lovers hereafter this wonder shall tell,
 The cause of my death was for loving too well,

MUSIC and BEAUTY.

MUSIC has pow'r to melt the soul,
 By beauty nature's sway'd :
 Each can the universe controul
 Without each other's aid.

But here together both appear,
 And force united try ;
 Music enchant's the list'ning ear,
 And beauty charms the eye.
 What cruelty these powers to join !
 These transports who can bear ?
 O let the sound be less divine,
 Or look, ye nymphs, less fair.

The R A P T U R E.

WHILST on thy dear bosom lying
 Cælia, who can speak my bliss,
 Who the rapture I'm enjoying,
 When thy balmy lips I kiss ;
 Every look with love inspires me,
 Every touch my bosom warms,
 Every melting murmur fires me,
 Every joy is in thy arms.

Those

Those dear eyes how soft they languish,
 Feel my heart with rapture beat,
 Pleasure turns almost to anguish,
 When the transport is so sweet.
 Look not so divinely on me,
 Cælia, I shall die with blis,
 Yet, yet turn those eyes upon me,
 Who'd not die a d'ath like this.

A R N O 's V A L E.

WHEN here Lucinda first we came,
 Where Arno rolls his silver stream,
 How brisk the nymphs, the swains how gay,
 Content inspir'd each rural lay.

The birds in livelier concert sung,
 The grapes in thicker clusters hung,
 All look'd as joy could never fail,
 Among the sweets of Arno's vale.

But now, since good Palemon dy'd,
 The chief of shepherds and the pride ;
 Now Arno's sons must all give place,
 To northern swains and iron race.

The taste of pleasure now is o'er,
 Thy notes Lucinda please no more,
 The Muses droop, the Goths prevail,
 Adieu the sweets of Arno's vale.

The

If this be a crime, be my judges, ye fair,
 And if I must die for what is so rare ;
 True lovers hereafter this wonder shall tell,
 The cause of my death was for loving too well.

MUSIC and BEAUTY.

MUSIC has pow'r to melt the soul,
 By beauty nature's sway'd :
 Each can the universe controul
 Without each other's aid.

But here together both appear,
 And force united try ;
 Music enchant's the list'ning ear,
 And beauty charms the eye.
 What cruelty these powers to join !
 These transports who can bear ?
 O let the sound be less divine,
 Or look, ye nymphs, less fair.

The R A P T U R E.

WHILST on thy dear bosom lying
 Cælia, who can speak my bliss,
 Who the rapture I'm enjoying,
 When thy balmy lips I kiss ;
 Every look with love inspires me,
 Every touch my bosom warms,
 Every melting murmur fires me,
 Every joy is in thy arms.

These

Those dear eyes how soft they languish,
 Feel my heart with rapture beat,
 Pleasure turns almost to anguish,
 When the transport is so sweet.
 Look not so divinely on me,
 Cælia, I shall die with bliss,
 Yet, yet turn those eyes upon me,
 Who'd not die a d'ath like this.

A R N O 's V A L E.

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 Thy notes Lucinda please no more,
 The Muses droop, the Goths prevail,
 Adieu the sweets of Arno's vale.

The CHARMS of IDLENESS.

GODDESS of ease, leave Lethe's brink,
 Obsequious to the muse and me ;
 For once endure the pain to think,
 O sweet insensibility !
Sister of peace and indolence,
 Bring muses, numbers soft and flow,
Elaborately void of sense,
 And sweetly thoughtless let them flow.

Near to some cowslip's painted mead,
 There let me doze away dull hours ;
And under me let Flora spread,
 A sopha of her softest flowers,
Where Philomel your notes you breathe,
 Forth from behind the neighbouring pine ;
While murmurs of the stream beneath,
 Still flow in unison with thine.

For thee, O idleness ! the woes
 Of life we patiently endure,
Thou art the source whence labour flows ;
 We shun thee, but to make thee sure ;
 For who would bear wars, toil, and waste,
 Or who the thundering of the sea,
 But to be idle at the last,
 And find a pleasing end in thee ?

The L O V E R.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love,
A stranger to that mind,
That pity and esteem can move,
Which can be just and kind.

Is it because you fear to know,
The ills which love molest,
The tender care, the anxious fear,
Which racks the am'rous breast ?

Alas ! by some degrees of woe,
We every woe obtain ;
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
Which never felt a pain.

The PENSIVE SHEPHERD.

FROM clime to clime my heart doth rove,
I view the fair, yet must not love,
With wanton beauty often fir'd
But oh ! how vain when not admir'd.

Am I th' unhappy man alone,
Of love and beauty doom'd the scorn ?
Is't sordid gold the mind controul,
The will, and bribe the soul ?

With

With sober scorn I'll treat the sex,
And ne'er with love my heart perplex :
Till Cupid send some generous fair,
To ease my grief and end my care.

As thus the pensive shepherd stood,
And sighing view'd the refluent flood :
The tritons gaz'd to hear him mourn,
And thus replied from vocal horn.

Forbear, dear youth, the plaintive song,
Nor blindly censure fate with wrong,
'Tis fearful Strephon coldly flies,
While bashful Amaryllis dies.

The COUNTRY RAKE.

NO sooner comes up a country clown,
With his leather breeches to London town,
But he cocks his hat, and strives to look big ;
He swaps his acres for gaudy fine cloaths,
And flaunts it about 'mong belles and beaux,
In a lac'd coat, and a pig tail wig.

He makes his country relations his sport,
He rattles and tattles of places at Court ;
He battles with bailiffs, watchmen and whores,
He runs in the surgeon and tallyman's scores,
And proves a downright modish prig.

At

At length his purse and pockets grew low,
 His habit was shabby.—Good-bye to the beau ;
 Fate frowns, and friends forsake :
 He bids his honour and conscience good night,
 And the country-bubble becomes a town-bite,
 Some other course does take.

He scours the roads and borrows a purse,
 Or cheats at my Lord's, which is twenty times
 worse ;
 He rogues it so fast that they stop him at last,
 For his tricks in a string, he's destin'd to swing ;
 And there's an end of a country rake.

The HAPPY PROSPECT.

A WAY, let nought to love displeasing,
 My Winifreda, move thy fear ;
 Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
 Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.

What tho' no grants by Royal donors,
 With pompous titles grace our blood ;
 We'll thine in more substantial honours,
 And to be noble we'll be good.

What tho' from Fortune's lavish bounty,
 No mighty treasure we possess ;
 We'll find within our pittance plenty,
 And be content without excess.

Still

Still shall each kind returning season
 Sufficient for our wishes give,
 For we will live a life of reason,
 And that's the only life to live.

Our name, whilst virtue thus we tender,
 Shall sweetly found where'er 'tis spoke ;
 And all the great ones much shall wonder
 How they admire such little folk.

Thro' youth and age in love excelling,
 We'll hand in hand together tread ;
 Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
 And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
 Whilst round my knees they fondly clung,
 To see them look their mother's features,
 To hear them lisp their mother tongue.

And when, with envy, time transported,
 Shall think to rob us of our joys ;
 You'll in your girls again be courted,
 And I'll go wooing in my boys.

The COMPLAINT.

IN vain you tell your parting lover,
 You wish fair winds may waft him over :
 Alas ! what winds can happy prove
 That bear me far from what I love ?

Alas !

Alas ! what dangers on the main
 Can equal those which I sustain
 From flighted vows and cold disdain ?
 Be gentle, and in pity choose
 To wish the wildest tempests loose ;
 That, thrown again upon the coast
 Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
 I may once more repeat my pain,
 Once more in dying notes complain
 Of flighted vows and cold disdain.

PHILLIS's IRRESOLUTION.

Tune, As the other day milking I sat in the vale.

AS the other day Phillis tripp'd over the
 green,
 Her air was so sprightly, and pleasing her mien ;
 I caught her and kiss'd her, she struggled in vain,
 For I prest her more close, and then kiss'd her again.

Yet still she resisted, and begg'd I'd be gone,
 Cry'd oh ! how you teize me, and thus she
 went on ;
 The cruel dear creature, with angry tone,
 Oft wish'd she might ne'er again meet me alone.

Said I, one so lovely, who can but adore ;
 And vow'd I could kiss her a thousand times o'er.
 Her lips sweet as violets, and red as the rose,
 Yet sweets still more lasting, more pleasing than
 those.

R

I told

I told her kind nature ne'er gave her such charms,
To wound thus my heart and then fly from my
arms ;

Her passion subsided, she faintly cry'd fie,
And would yet again, but it broke in a sigh.

Ye swains still be bold, tho' your nymphs may be
coy,

If you whine at their feet, expect no real joy ;
Have courage, you'll tie them in hymen's soft chain,
They'll yield to your wishes, and never complain.

The DESPAIRING LOVER.

COME all ye youths whose hearts e'er bled,
By cruel beauty's pride ;
Bring each a garland on his head,
Let none his sorrows hide :
But hand in hand around me move,
Singing the saddest tales of love ;
And see, when your complaints ye join,
If all your wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest mortal once was I,
My heart no sorrows knew ;
Pity the pain with which I die,
But ask not whence it grew :
Yet if a tempting fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind,
Tho' bright as Heaven whose stamp she bears,
Think of my fate, and shun her snares.

M. E.

A S O N G.

Written by Mr. GARRICK, as a Prologue to the Comedy of All in the Wrong.

YE critics above, and ye critics below,
 Ye finely-spun critics who keep the mid row,
 Oh tarry one moment, I'll sing you a song,
 Shall prove that like us you are all in the wrong.
 Sing tantara rara, wrong all, wrong all ; sing
 tantara rara, wrong all.

Ye poets, who mount on the fam'd winged steed,
 Of prancing, and wincing, and kicking take heed,
 For when by those hornets the critics you're stung,
 You are thrown in the dirt, and are all in the
 wrong.

Ye actors, who act what these writers have writ,
 Pray stick to your poets, and spare your own wit,
 For when, with your own, you unbridle your
 tongue,
 I'll hold ten to one you are all in the wrong.

Ye knaves who make news for the foolish to read,
 Who print daily slanders, the hungry to feed,
 For a while you mislead 'em, the news-hunting
 throng,

But the pillory proves,—you are all in the wrong.

Ye grave politicians, so deep and so wise,
 With your hums, and your shrugs, and your up-
 lifted eyes,

The road that you travel is tedious and long,
 But I pray you jog on, you are all in the wrong.

Ye happy fond husbands, and fond happy wives,
Let never suspicions embitter you lives,
Let your prudence be stout, and your faith be
as strong,

Who watch, or who catch, they are all in the
wrong.

Ye unmarry'd folks, be not bought, or be sold,
Let age avoid youth, and the young ones the old;
For they'll soon get together, the young with the
young, [wrong.]
And then, my wise old ones, you're all in the

Ye judges of taste, to our labours be kind,
Our errors are many, pray wink or be blind,
Still find your way hither, to glad us each night,
And our note we will change to—you're all in
the right.

The BACHELOR'S ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS is to give notice, that a man about fifty,
Healthy and vig'rous, and of humour
thrifty;

Longing to taste of a virtuous fruition,
Wishes to change, out of hand, his condition.

Beauty and youth little stress will be laid on;
But, if he could, he would marry a maiden;
So, to prevent any fruitless vexation,
Widows are pray'd not to make application.

Cash

Cash there must be, in hand, or annuity ;
 For which a jointure in case of videlity.
 From principals—letters post paid—as directed :
 Honour and secrecy may be expected.

A LESSON to the FAIR.

FORGIVE, ye fair, nor take it wrong,
 If ought too much I do ;
 Permit me, while I give a song,
 To give a lesson too.
 Let Modesty, that heav'n-born maid,
 Your words and actions grace ;
 'Tis this, and only this can add
 New lustre to your face.

'Tis this which paints the virgin's cheeks
 Beyond the power of art,
 And every real blush bespeaks
 The goodness of the heart.
 This index of the virtuous mind
 Your lovers will adore,
 'Tis this will leave a charm behind,
 When bloom can charm no more.

Inspir'd by this, to idle men
 With nice reserve behave,
 And learn by distance to maintain
 The power that beauty gave.
 For this, when beauty must decay
 Your empire will protect ;
 The wanton pleases for a day,
 But can't create respect.

With this their silly jests reprove
 When coxcombs dare intrude,
Nor think the man is worth your love
 Who ventures to be rude.
 Your charms when cheap will ever pall,
 They fully with a touch ;
 And tho' we mean to grant not all,
 We often grant too much.

But patient let each virtuous fair
 Expect the gen'rous youth,
Whom heav'n has doom'd her heart to share,
 And bless'd with love and truth ;
 For him alone preserve her hand,
 And wait the happy day,
 When he with justice can command,
 And she with joy obey.

M E L I N D A.

BY the side of a glimmering fire
 Melinda sat pensively down,
 Impatient with rural Esquire,
 And vext to be absent from town.
 The cricket from under the grate
 With a chirp to her sigh did reply
 And kitten, as grave as a cat,
 Sat mournfully purring just by.

Alas !

Alas ! silly maid that I was,
 Thus sadly complaining, she cry'd,
 When first I forsook that dear place,
 'Twere better by far I had died.
 How gayly we pass'd the long days,
 In a round of continual delights,
 Park, operas, assemblies, and plays,
 And quadrille to enliven the nights.

How foolish was I to believe
 Delusive poetical dreams,
 The flattering landscapes they give
 Of groves, meads, and pure purling streams.
 Bleak mountains and wild staring rocks
 Are the wretched result of my pains,
 The swains greater brutes than their flocks,
 The nymphs as polite as their swains.

What tho' I have skill to ensnare,
 Where smarts in bright circles abound;
 What tho' at St. James's, at pray'r,
 Beaux ogle devoutly around :
 Fond virgin, thy power is lost,
 On a race of rude Hottentots, louts;
 What glory's in being the toast
 Of noisy dull Squires in boots.

But you, my companion so dear,
 My all that is left of relief ;
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to dissuade me from grief.

You

You say 'tis in vain to repine
 At ills that cannot be redrest ;
 But sorrows so poignant as mine,
 To be patient, alas ! is a jest.

If further, to sooth my distress,
 Your tender compassion be led,
 Call Jenny to help to undress,
 And decently put me to bed.
 The last humble solace I wait,
 Would heaven attend but my boon,
 Some dream less unkind than my fate,
 In visions transport me to town.

Clarissa, there, weds with the beau,
 Who decks her in golden array,
 The finest at ev'ry fine shew,
 And flaunts it at park and at play :
 Whilst here we are left in the lurch,
 Forgot and secluded from view,
 Unless when some bumpkin at church
 Stares wishfully over the pew.

The SWEETS of HARVEST.

THE lark's shrill notes awake the morn,
 The breezes wave the ripen'd corn,
 The yellow harvest, safe from spoil,
 Rewards the happy farmer's toil ;
 The flowing bowl succeeds the hail,
 O'er which he tells the jocund tale.

A CAUTION to YOUNG MAIDS.

YE fair, from man's infidious love

Your tender hearts defend,
Left the mistaken bliss ye prove
But sorrow in the end.

Thro' reason scan each artful man
Nor trust your ear or eye.

Young maids, beware,—men fish, ensnare,
With artificial fly.

The honest clown that plows the land,

In love is all a cheat;
And monarchs born to high command,

Well know the dear deceit;
In Love's fly tricks and politics
A promise is a lie:

Young maids, beware, &c.

With looks as fair as summer flowers,

Soft words like honey sweet,
And tears that fall in gentle show'rs
Your pity they'll intreat.

More common arts to catch your hearts,
Each foible to defry:

Young maids, beware, &c.

Where clods of earth all animate

Each blade of grafs a tongue,
'Twou'd waste their moisture to relate
The ills that men have done;

Then guard your hearts from Cupid's darts,
And all the sex defy:

Young maids, beware, &c.

The

The GRENADEIR, a favourite DUET.*Sung at Sadler's Wells, in the Year 1773.***GRENADEIR.**

O My Jenny, I lie at thy feet,
 From the wars to thy arms I retreat;
 My laurels are faded, thy soldier is slain,
 Unless with thy smiles thou reviv'st him again.

My heart is thy drum,
 O! come, Jenny come!
 Tum rum, tum rum,
 Beat, go to bed Tom.

By my bayonet, musket, and cap,
 Thou giv'st my fond heart such a rap;
 With powder and ball, so full charg'd is thy wit,
 Whatever thou aim'st at thou'l't certainly hit.

My heart, &c.

Thy tongue, like the ear-piercing fife,
 Gives thy soldier such spirit and life;
 The shot of thy ogles no heart can endure,
 My musket, dear girl, carries not half so sure.

My heart, &c.

JENNY.

I'll handle the broom, and the mop ever twirl,
 Before the best man shall make me a bad girl;
 If you love as you say, shew that love as you
 ought,
 Nor think by fine speeches I'll ever be caught.

I'll

I'll not walk the Strand,
 Take each fool by the hand,
 And with impudent leer,
 How do you, my dear ?
 Fie, for shame ! and, oh fie !

O ! never shall Jenny,
 For half or whole guinea,
 Sell herself to each fool that will buy.



*Favourite SONGS in the LADLE, sung at Sadler's
 Wells, in the Year 1773.*

ONLY suppose it the first of May,
 And then that the nymphs two and two,
 So neat, so trim and gay,
 With garlands of various hue,
 In procession advancing,
 To minstrels dancing,
 Lead of youths a festive crew ;
 Who at rest from their labours,
 With pipes and with tabors,
 To join in the sports, dance and play ;
 While the old ones appear,
 To bring up the rear,
 Singing merrily who but they.

WHEN I was a young one, good Lord !
 No girl sure was ever like me ;
 I'd lovers, I give you my word,
 As thick as the leaves on a tree.

The

The first was our old parish clerk,
 Who press'd me again and again,
 To let him once kiss me—'twas dark,
 So I curtseyed and answer'd, Amen.

The 'squire would have had be naught,
 But the moment I knew his intent,
 I doubled, which set him at fault,
 And he found himself on a wrong scent.

The sexton, a suitor in years,
 Complain'd he'd too much of my tongue,
 For I rung such a peal in his ears,
 That my clapper he said was well hung.

I could number you fifty and more,
 They us'd to come to me in shoals ;
 Some sigh'd, some protested, some swore,
 Nay some were unhappy, poor souls.

Till at last thou didst come in my way,
 To consent you prevail'd on me soon,
 And in my mind, from that to this day,
 Our lives have been one honey-moon.

WITH my cottage, my farm, and my cattle,
 Henceforward I'll e'en be contented,
 Nor, like a child pleas'd with a rattle,
 Wish for what I should soon have repented.

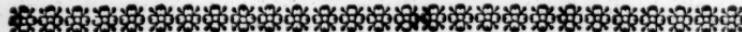
The next year will heal
 The cares I now feel,
 If I reap well the crop I'm now sowing.
 And for sense, it appears
 That a man of my years,
 If he's happy's sufficiently knowing.

This life I'll embrace then with pleasure,
 Nor think that good Dorcas has pray'd ill,
 But own I'm posses'd of a treasure,
 Ev'ry time that I look on the ladle.

I Thought I should have no objection,
 Had fate giv'n us coaches and horses,
 And yet had it been—on reflection,
 We had met with abundance of crosses.
 This old fashion'd coif,
 I have worn all my life,
 To leave off would have troubled me sadly ;
 And your furbelow'd sacks,
 That look well on some backs,
 Wou'd on mine, I'm afraid, have look'd badly.

My coach might o'erturn, or my horses
 Be sick, or my cloaths might be made ill ;
 So the way to prevent all these crosses,
 Is to live here content with my ladle.

THE world may be seen here in little,
 And the hopes and the fears of each
 station,
 For in this life how shallow and brittle,
 Of our wishes we lay the foundation ;
 When possest'd of great store
 Still we want something more,
 For our whim, our caprice, or our pleasure.
 Of which unpossest'd,
 We regard not the rest,
 Though in plenty we roll beyond measure.
 This something, though hard to obtain it,
 We reject in the moment we gain it ;
 And so to the grave from the cradle,
 This life is a wish and a ladle.



*A FAVOURITE CATCH in the First Act of the
 GOLDEN PIPPIN.*

Sung by Miss Catley, Mrs. Baker, and Mrs. Mattocks, in the Character of Venus, Pallas, and Juno.

Tune. 'Twas you, Sir.

Venus. **M**Y title, my title,
 Will need no long recital.
 Can you, or you dispute the prize ?
 If not—say who.

Pal.

Pal. You maukin, you maukin !
 What signifies your talking ?
 Don't name that claim if you be wife,
 Before us two.

Juno. Gads me ! Gads me !
 Such rank conceit ! It mads me.
 So pert a flirt should brave the skies !
 What's here to do ?

QUARTETTO in the second Act, sung by Venus,
 Pallas, Paris, and Juno.

Tune, Fye now, prithee, John.

Ven. **N**AY nay, prithee, dames,
 Don't call blackguard names :
 You no title had no, nor you.

Pal. You're a jade—a dirty puls !
 And he's a rogue—has cheated us !
 But Pallas won't be treated thus :

Ven. This you shall rue !

Par. { A pippin is not worth this fuss !
 And what could he do ?

Juno. Do, you fool ? observe my face,
 My shape and air, and ev' y grace :
 The brightest queen that e'er was seen !
 What eyes had you ?

IF I have some—little—beauty—
 Can I help it?—No, not I;
 Some good luck too—’tis my duty
 Gifts so precious to apply.
Nature—Fortune—gave ’em freely;
And I’ll use ’em—quite genteelly.
 If the smarts of the sky
 Cringe, ogle, and sigh,
 Whene’er I pass by;
 And cry,
 Looky there!
 What an air!
 Gods, how fair?
 Pray, why
 (To feed your starch’d pride)
 Must I go and hide,
 ’Till you’re made a bride?
 Who, I?
No, no—If I do, may I die.

Tune, Touch the thing, you bastard.

WHEN bickrings hot, to high words
 got,
 Break out at gamiorum;
 The flame to cool, my golden rule
 Is—Push about the jorum.
 With fist on jug, coifs who can lug?
 Or shew me that glib speaker,
 Who her red rag in gibe can wag,
 With her mouth full of liquor.

Tune.

Tune, Behind the bush in the garden.

TO set at odds these hair-brain'd gods,
The turn of a straw o' a pin does ;
I make them fret, take pet, curve,
And fling Heaven out o' the windows.

He, she, foul, handsome, all,
On wires I dance 'em all,
Jove of my puppets but is chief ;
Sky, earth, and ocean,
I put in commotion ;
I doat on a snug bit o' mischief.

TENDER passion, gentle love,
Cooing, murmuring like the dove,
Shall desert my troubled breast
Until the fairest I'm confess.

I'll shake your curtains every night,
And you shall tremble with affright ;
I'll bounce, I'll flounce, I'll rant and rave,
And you shall be a very slave.

LE T heroes delight in the toils of the war,
In maims, blood, and bruises and blows ;
Not a sword, but a sword-knot rejoices the fair :
And what are rough soldiers to beaux ?
Away then with laurels ! come beauty and love,
And silence the trumpet and drum ;
Let me with soft myrtle my brows bear inwove,
And tenderly combat at home !

Cotillon Tune.

WHEN you're bosky, half-seas over,
 Doxies wind you as they please ;
 Thro' their eyes you then discover,
 That the moon's a huge green cheese.
 They have their wits, mind their own hits ;
 Nick the fit to wheedle a bit,
 With a tip of the lip,
 And a roguish squeeze.
 Jovy, my soul ! — What does it say ? —
 Fire the North Pole ! Jove's your valet. —
 When you're bosky, &c.

BUT now let me flaunt it,
 Rant, flirt it, and jaunt it,
 Gallant it, and dress it away ;
 At op'ra and ball,
 Play, concert, and all,
 I warrant I carry the day.

I'll make the folks stare
 By clubbing my hair ;
 I'll ogle, I'll prattle,
 The dice-box I'll rattle,
 Lose thousands, and call it mere sport ;
 While men all admire me,
 All ladies desire me,
 Sweet Paris, the Pink of the Court !

Cotillon

Cotillon Tune.

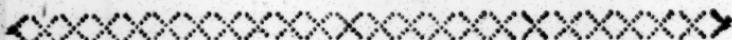
SINCE 'tis writ in the volume of fate,
 That to surrender
 To the male gender,
 Females must lay their account soon or late ;
 She must submit as a god to her mate.
 Bounce, bounce ; Juno may flounce ;
 Storm, and thunder ;
 She'll knock under :
 Rave, rave ; Jupiter, rave !
 Master you'll be—and your wife be a slave.

WITH your wife, Sir, ne'er dispute,
 Lady of the Manor she ;
 Due to her the choicest fruit,
 Due to her the branch and tree ;
 And you know she'll have her right ;
 Yes, Sir, morning, noon, and night.

A I R.

A Goddess like an earthly dame,
 In trifles will precedence claim ;
 Denied, foul language will bestow,
 And turn from dearest friend to foe.

FAVOU-



FAVOURITE SONGS in the JUBILEE.

YE Warwickshire lads, and ye lasses,
See what at our Jubilee passes;
Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad :
 Warwickshire lad,
 All be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad.

Be proud of the charms of your county,
Where nature has lavish'd her bounty,
Where much has been given, and some to be spar'd,
For the bard of all bards was a Warwickshire bard ;
 Warwickshire bard,
 Never pair'd,
For the bard of all bards was a Warwickshire bard.

Each shire has its different pleasures,
Each shire has its different treasures ;
But to rare Warwickshire they all must submit,
For the wit of all wits was a Warwickshire wit :
 Warwickshire wit,
 How he writ !

For the wit of all wits was a Warwickshire wit.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,
And half a score more we take pride in ;
Of famous Will Congreve we boast too the skill,
But the Will of all Wills was a Warwickshire Will :
 Warwickshire Will,
 Matchless still,

But the Will of all Wills was a Warwickshire Will.
 Out

Our Shakespeare compar'd is to no man,
 Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman;
 Their swans are all geese, to the Avon's sweet swan,
 And the man of all men was a Warwickshire man:
 Warwickshire man,
 Avon's swan,
 And the man of all men was a Warwickshire man.

As ven' son is very inviting,
 To steal it our bard took delight in;
 To make his friends merry he never was lag,
 For the wag of all wags was a Warwickshire wag:
 Warwickshire wag,
 Ever brag,
 For the wag of all wags was a Warwickshire wag.

There never was sure such a creature,
 Of all she was worth he robb'd Nature;
 He took all her smiles, and he took all her grief,
 And the thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire
 Warwickshire thief, [thief:
 He's the chief,
 And the thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire thief.

The MULBERRY TREE.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from
 the tree,
 Which, oh ! my sweet Shakespeare, was plant-
 ed by thee ;

As

As a relique I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree ;

Bend to thee, blest mulberry :

Matchless was he who planted thee,

And thou, like him, immortal shall be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose heads
sweep the sky ;

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices so dear.

All shall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast;
Of the fir we make ships, there are thousands
that fight,

But one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write.

All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flowers ;
The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flowers and the fairest of fruit.

All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd
birch,

Supplies law and physic, and grace for the church ;

But

But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,
And he gives the best physic for body and mind.
All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,
From him and his merits this takes its degree ;
Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,
The tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine.

All shall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright
day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey ;
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has the laurel and bays, and the vine, all in one.

All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relique of this hallow'd tree,
From folly and fashion a charm let it be ;
Fill, fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
To honour your country do honour to him.

All shall yield, &c.

A R O U N D E L A Y.

SISTERS of the tuneful strain !
Attend your parent's jocund train ;
Tis fancy calls you, follow me,
To celebrate the jubilee.

On

On Avon's banks, where Shakespeare's bust
 Points out, and guards his sleeping dust,
 The sons of scenic-mirth decree
 To celebrate this jubilee.

By Garrick led, the grateful band,
 Haste to their poet's native land,
 With rites of sportive revelry,
 To celebrate our jubilee.

Come, daughters, come, and bring with you
 Th'aerial sprite and fairy crew,
 And the sister-graces three,
 To celebrate our jubilee.

Hang around the sculptur'd tomb
 The broider'd vest, the nodding plume,
 And the mask of comic glee,
 To celebrate our jubilee.

From Birnam wood, and Bosworth's field,
 Bring the standard, bring the shield,
 With drums, and martial symphony,
 To celebrate this jubilee.

In mournful numbers now relate
 Poor Desdemona's hapless fate,
 With frantic deeds of jealousy,
 To celebrate our jubilee.

Nor be Windsor's wives forgot,
 With their harmless, merry plot,

The

The whit'ning mead, and haunted tree,
To celebrate our jubilee.

Now in jocund strains recite,
The revels of the braggard Knight;
Fat Knight ! and ancient Pistol he !
To celebrate our jubilee.

But see, in crowds, the gay, the fair,
To the splendid scene repair,
A scene as fine, as fine can be,
To celebrate our jubilee.

Yet Colin bring, and Rosalind,
Each shepherd true, and damsel kind;
For well with ours, their sports agree,
To crown the festive jubilee.

SWEET WILLY O.

THE pride of all nature was Sweet Willy O,
The first of all swains,
He gladden'd the plains,
None ever was like to the Sweet Willy O.

He sung it so rarely did Sweet Willy O,
He melted each maid,
So skilful he play'd,
No shepherd e'er pip'd like the Sweet Willy O.

T

All

All nature obey'd him, the Sweet Willy O ;
 Wherever he came,
 Whate'er had a name,
 Whenever he sung follow'd Sweet Willy O.

He would be a soldier, the Sweet Willy O ;
 When arm'd in the field,
 With sword and with shield,
 The laurel was won by the Sweet Willy O.

He charm'd then; when living, the Sweet Willy O ;
 And when Willy dy'd,
 'Twas nature that sigh'd,
 To part with her all in her Sweet Willy O.



FAVOURITE SONGS *in* LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

HOPE ! thou nurse of young desire,
 Fairy promiser of joy ;
 Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
 Temp'rate sweet, that ne'er can cloy.

Hope ! thou earnest of delight,
 Softest soother of the mind ;
 Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
 Surest friend the wretched find.

Kind deceiver, flatter still,
 Deal out pleasures unpossess'd ;
 With thy dreams my fancy fill,
 And in wishes make me blest.

MY heart's my own, my will is free,
 And so shall be my voice ;
 No mortal man shall wed with me,
 Till first he has my choice.

Let parents rule, cry nature's laws,
 And children still obey ;
 And is there then no saving clause
 Against tyrannic sway.

OH ! had I been by fate decreed
 Some humble cottage swain ;
 In fair Rosetta's sight to feed
 My sheep upon the plain !
 What bliss had I been born to taste,
 Which now I ne'er must know ?
 Ye envious pow'rs ! why have ye plac'd
 My fair one's lot so low ?

GENTLE youth, ah ! tell me why
 Still you force me thus to fly ;
 Cease, oh ! cease to persevere,
 Speak not what I must not hear ;

To my heart its ease restore,
Go, and never see me more.

STILL in hopes to get the better
Of my stubborn flame I try ;
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny ;
Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave ;
Boast my freedom, fly to meet her,
And confess myself a slave.

LET gay ones and great
Make the most of their state,
From pleasure to pleasure they run :
Well, who cares a jot,
I envy them not,
While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
To the fields I repair,
With spirits unclouded and light ;
The blisses I find,
No strings leave behind,
But health, and diversion unite.

HOW

HOW happy were my days, till now!
I ne'er did sorrow feel;
I rose with joy to milk my cow,
Or take my spinning wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
Like any bird I sung;
Till he pretended love, and I
Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

Oh! the fool, the silly, silly fool,
Who trusts what man may be;
I wish I was a maid again,
And in my own country.

HOW bless'd the maid, whose bosom
No heart-felt passion knows;
Her days in joy she passes,
Her nights in calm repose.
Where'er her fancy leads her,
No pain, no fear invades her;
But pleasure,
Without measure,
From ev'ry object flows.

OH! how shall I, in language weak,
My ardent passion tell;
Or teach my falt'ring tongue to speak
That cruel word—farewell!

Farewell—but know, tho' thus we part,
 My thoughts can never stray :
Go where I will, my constant heart
 Must with my charmer stay.

YOUNG I am, and sore afraid :
 Would you hurt a harmless maid ?
 Lead an innocent astray ?
 Tempt me not, kind sir, I pray.
 Men too often we believe ;
 And should you my faith deceive,
 Ruin first, and then forsake,
 Sure my tender heart would break.

IN love should there meet a fond pair,
 Untutor'd by fashion or art ;
 Whose wishes are warm and sincere,
 Whose words are th' excess of the heart :
 If ought of substantial delight
 On this side the stars can be found,
 'Tis sure when that couple unite,
 And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

THE world is a well-furnish'd table,
 Where guests are promise'ously set ;
 We all fare as well as we're able,
 And scramble for what we can get.

My

My simile holds to a tittle,
 Some gorge while some scarce have a taste ;
 But if I'm content with a little,
 Enough is as good as a feast.

THE traveller benighted,
 And led thro' weary ways,
 The lamp of day new lighted
 With joy the dawn surveys.

The rising prospect viewing,
 Each look is forward cast ;
 He smiles, his course pursuing,
 Nor thinks of what is past.

IF ever a fond inclination
 Rose in your bosom, to rob you of rest,
 Reflect with a little compassion,
 On the soft pangs which prevail'd in my breast.
 O where, where would you fly me ?
 Can you deny me, thus torn and distrest ?
 Think, when my lover is by me,
 Would I, how cou'd I, refuse his request ?
 Kneeling before you, let me implore you ;
 Look on me sighing, crying, dying ;
 Ah ! is there no language can move ?
 If I have been too complying,
 Hard was the conflict 'twixt duty and love.

A Plague of these wenches, they make such a
pother,

When once they have let'n a man have his will ;
They're always a whining for something or other,

And cry, he's unkind in his carriage ;
What tho'f he speaks them ne'er so fairly,

Still they keep teasing, teasing on :

You cannot persuade 'em,

Till promise you've made 'em ;

And after they've got it,

They tell you—odd rot it,

Their character's blasted, they're ruin'd, undone ;

And then to be sure, sir,

There is but one cure, sir,

And all their discourse is of marriage.

HENCE with cares, complaints, and frowning,
Welcome jollity and joy ;

Every grief in pleasure drowning,

Mirth this happy night employ :

Let's to friendship do our duty,

Laugh and sing some good old strain ;

Drink a health to love and beauty—

May they long in triumph reign.

FAVOURITE SONGS *in the PADLOCK.*

THOUGHTS to counsel—let me see—

Hum—to be, or not to be

A husband, is the question.

A cuckold, must that follow?

Say what men will,

Wedlock's a pill,

Bitter to swallow,

And hard of digestion.

But fear makes the danger seem double—

Say, Hymen, what mischief can trouble

My peace, should I venture to try you?

My doors shall be lock'd,

My windows be block'd;

No male in my house,

Not so much as a mouse;

Then horns, horns, I defy you,

SAY, little, foolish, flutt'ring thing,

Whither, ah! whither would you wing

Your airy flight:

Stay here, and sing,

Your mistress to delight.

No, no, no,

Sweet Robin, you shall not go:

Where, you wanton, could you be

Half so happy as with me?

WAS

WAS I a shepherd's maid, to keep
 On yonder plains a flock of sheep,
 Well pleas'd, I'd watch the live-long day,
 My ewes at feed, my lambs at play.
 Or would some bird, that pity brings,
 But for a moment lend its wings,
 My parents then might rave and scold,
 My guardian strive my will to hold :
 Their words are harsh, his walls are high,
 But spite of all away I'd fly.

DEAR heart, what a terrible life am I led,
 A dog has a better that's shelter'd and fed :
 Night and day 'tis de same,
 My pain is der game ;
 Me wish to de lord me was dead.

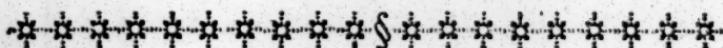
Whate'er's to be done,
 Poor black must run ;
 Mungo here, Mungo dere,
 Mungo every where ;
 Above and below,
 Sirrah come, sirrah go,
 Do so, and do so.
 Oh ! oh !
 Me wish to de lord me was dead.

IN vain you bid your captive live,
While you the means of life deny ;
Give me your smiles, your wishes give
To him who must without you die.

Shut from the sun's enliv'ning beam,
Bid flow'rs retain their scent and hue ;
Its source dry'd up, bid flow the stream,
And me exist depriv'd of you.

O Wherefore this terrible flurry !
My spirits are all in a hurry !
And above and below,
From my top to my toe,
Are running about hurry scurry.

My heart in my bosom a bumping,
Goes thumping,
And jumping,
And thumping :
Is't a spectre I see !
Hence vanish, ah me !
My senses deceive me,
Soon reason will leave me ;
What a wretch am I destin'd to be.



FAVOURITE SONGS *in* MIDAS.

JOVE, in his chair,
 Of the sky lord-may'r,
 With his nods men and gods keeps in awe ;
 When he winks heaven shrinks,
 When he speaks hell squeaks :—
 Earth's globe is but his taw.
 Cock of the school,
 He bears despotic rule :
 His word, tho' absurd, must be law.
 Even fate, tho' so great,
 Must not prate ;—his bald pate
 Jove would cuff, he's so bluff, for a straw.
 Cow'd deities,
 Like mice in cheese,
 To stir must cease, or gnaw.

BE by your friends advised,
 Too harsh, too hasty dad !
 Maugre your bolts, and wise head,
 The world will think you mad.

What worse can Bacchus teach men,
 His roaring bucks, when drunk,
 Than break the lamps, beat watchmen,
 And stagger to some punk.

SINCE

SINCE you mean to hire for service,
 Come with me, you jolly dog ;
 You can help to bring home harvest,
 Tend the sheep and feed the hog.

With three crowns, your standing wages,
 You shall daintily be fed ;
 Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,
 Butter-milk, and oaten bread.

Come strike hands, you'll live in clover,
 When we get you once at home,
 And when daily work is over
 We'll all dance to your strum-strum.

I strike hands, I take your offer,
 Farther on I may fare worse ;
 Zooks, I can no longer suffer
 Hungry guts, and empty purse.

PRAY, goody, please to moderate the rancour
 of your tongue :
 Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes ?
 Remember when the judgment's weak, the pre-
 judice is strong :
 A stranger why will you despise ?
 Ply me—try me—
 Prove, ere you deny me :
 If you cast me off, you blast me
 Never more to rise.

JUPITER wenches and drinks,
He rules the roast in the sky,
Yet he's a fool if he thinks
That he's as happy as I.
Juno rates him and grates him,
And leads his highness a weary life ;
I have my lass and my glass,
And strole a batchelor's merry life.
Let him fluster and bluster,
Yet cringe to his harridan's furbello ;
To my fair tulips I glew lips,
And clink the cannikin here below.

ALL round the may-pole how we trot,
Hot-pot and good ale have got ;
Routing, shouting, at you flouting,
Fleering, jeering, and what not.
There is old Sileno frisks like a mad
Lad,—glad to see us sad ;
Cap'ring, vap'ring, while Pol, scraping,
Coaxes the doxies as he did the dad.

HE's as tight a lad to see to,
As e'er stept in leather shoe !
And, what's better, he'll love me too,
And to him I'll prove true blue.
Tho' my sister casts a hawk's eye,
I defy what she can do ;
He o'erlook'd the little doxy,
I'm the girl he means to woo.

Hither

Hither I stole out to meet him,
 He'll, no doubt, my steps pursue;
 If the youth prove true, I'll fit him;
 If he's false—I'll fit him too.

O What pleasure will abound
 When my wife is laid in ground !
 Let earth cover her,
 We'll dance over her,
 When my wife is laid in ground.

Oh how happy should I be,
 Would little Nysa pig with me !
 How I'd mumble her,
 Touze and tumble her,
 Would little Nysa pig with me.

IN those greasy old tatters
 His charms brighter shine;
 Then his guittar he clatters
 With tinkling divine:
 But, my sister,
 Ah ! he kis'd her,
 And me he pass'd by ;
 I am jealous
 Of the fellow's
 Bad taste and blind eye.

AH, happy hours, how fleeting
 Ye danc'd on down away ;
 When my soft vows repeating,
 At Daphne's feet I lay !
 But from her charms when sunder'd,
 As Midas' frowns presage ;
 Each hour will seem an hundred,
 Each day appear an age.



FAVOURITE SONGS *in LOVE AND IN-
 NOCENCE.*

WHEN setting Phœbus leaves the sky,
 To some sequester'd shade I fly ;
 There to the silent groves proclaim
 What elsewhere I'd blush to name.

Kind echo, ev'ry vale along,
 Gives back the burthen of my song ;
 And birds attune their woo-fraught lay,
 To suit the griefs of Florida.

Here, free from ev'ry curious eye,
 My breast can heaye the smother'd sigh ;
 Reliev'd from each intruder, here
 My eyes can drop th' imprison'd tear.

The streams that fall, the wind that blows,
 Will ne'er unfold my tender woes ;
 And, ah ! I find 'tis some relief
 To give a loose to boundless grief.

SINCE

SINCE now in man's deceitful breast
No more fair honour stands confit ;
But 'tis become their hateful boast,
Who most shall wrong, and ruin most :
Ye fair—oh ! let not Cupid's dart
Invade the unsuspecting heart ;
But arm yourselves with virtuous pride,
And soon his arrows turn aside.

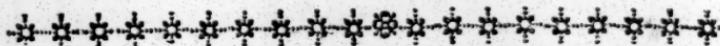
Heed not the flatt'ring things they say,
Who court you not, but to betray ;
And swear, that on each feature glows
The lily and the blushing rose :
Alas ! when pluck'd,—in virtue's eye,
The roses fade, the lilies die ;
And e'en the wretch that could betray,
Now throws them like a weed away.

ERE love did first my thoughts employ,
Returning day still saw me blest ;
Each happy hour came wing'd with joy,
And night was crown'd with balmy rest.

But now, alas ! no longer gay,
I rise to hail the cheerful light ;
I sit and sigh the live-long day,
And paix in tears the sleepless night.

Come, lovely Strephon, hither haste,
Sure thou hast long perceiv'd my mind ;
I fear my words I vainly waste,
That thou art cruel and unkind.

Or if some maid of happier fate,
 More favour'd lives, more lov'd than I ;
 Oh ! free me from this anxious state,
 Pronounce my fate, and let me die.



FAVOURITE SONGS *in the MAID of
THE MILL.*

IN love to pine and languish,
 Yet know your passion vain ;
 To harbour heart-felt anguish,
 To fear to tell your pain.

What powers unrelenting,
 Severer ills inventing,
 Can sharpen pangs like these ?
 Where days and nights tormenting,
 Yield not a moment's ease.

HARK ! 'tis I your own true lover,
 After walking three long miles ;
 One kind look at least discover,
 Come and speak a word to Giles.
 You alone my heart I fix on,
 Ah, you little cunning vixen !
 I can see your roguish smiles.

Addlids !

Addslids ! my mind is so possest,
 Till we're wed I shan't have rest;
 Only say the thing's a bargain,
 Here an you like it,
 Ready to strike it,
 There's at once an end of arguing :
 I'm her's, she's mine ;
 Thus we seal, and thus we sign.

WITH the man that I love, was I destin'd
 to dwell
 On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell ;
 Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be
 More pleasing than courts or a palace to me.
 Let the vain and the venal, in wedlock aspire
 To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire ;
 I yield them the bliss where their wishes are
 plac'd : —
 Insensible creatures ! 'tis all they can taste.

I AM young, and I am friendless,
 And poor, alas ! withal ;
 Sure my sorrows will be endless,
 In vain for help I call :
 Have some pity in your nature,
 To relieve a wretched creature,
 Tho' the gift be ne'er so small.
 May you, possessing ev'ry blessing,
 Still inherit, sir, all your merit, sir,
 And never know what it is to want ;
 Sweet heaven your worship all happiness grant.

WHEN

WHEN a maid, in way of marriage,
 First is courted by a man,
 Let'un do the best he can,
 She's so shame-fac'd in her carriage,
 'Tis with pain the suit's began.

Tho'f mayhap she like's him mainly,
 Still she shams it coy and cold ;
 Fearing to confess it plainly,
 Lest the folks should think her bold.

But the parson comes in sight,
 Gives the word to bill and coo ;
 'Tis a different story quite,
 And she quickly buckles to.

YOU vile pack of vagabonds, what do you
 mean ?
 I'll maul you, rascallions,
 Ye tatter-demallions—
 If one of you comes within reach of my cane.
 Such cursed assurance,
 'Tis past all endurance.
 Nay, nay, pray come away,
 They're lyars and thieves,
 And he that believes
 Their foolish predictions,
 Will find them but fictions—
 A bubble that always deceives.

WHEN you meet a tender creature,
 Neat in limb, and fair in feature,
 Full of kindness and good-nature,
 Prove as kind again as she ;
 Happy mortal ! to possess her,
 In your bosom warm and press her,
 Morning, noon, and night carest her,
 And be fond, as fond can be.

But if one you meet that's foward,
 Saucy, jilting, and untoward,
 Should you act the whining coward,

'Tis to mend her ne'er the whit ;
 Nothing's tough enough to bind her,
 Then agog, when once you find her,
 Let her go, and never mind her ;
 Heart alive, you're fairly quit.

FAVOURITE SONGS in the BEGGARS
 O P E R A.

THRO' all the employments of life,
 Each neighbour abutes his brother ;
 Whore and rogue they call husband and wife,
 All professions berogue one another.—
 The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
 The lawyer be-knaves the divine ;
 And the statesman, because he's so great,
 Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

'TIS .

TIS woman that seduces all mankind,
By her we first were taught the wheed-
ling arts ;
Her very eyes can cheat ; when most she's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts.
For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey,
And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms ;
For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

VIRGINS are like the fair flower in its lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground ;
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around.
But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent-garden 'tis sent (as yet sweet)
There fades and shrinks, and grows past all en-
during,
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

THE miser thus a shilling fees,
Which he's oblig'd to pay ;
With sighs resigns it by degrees,
And fears 'tis gone for aye.

The boy thus when his sparrow's flown,
The bird in silence flies ;
But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries.

FILL ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us,
And fires us
With courage, love and joy ;
Women and wine should life employ :—
Is there ought else on earth desirous ?

IF the heart of a man is depressed with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears ;
Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
Raises the spirits, and charms our ears :
Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
But her ripe lips are more sweet than those ;
Pref's her,
Carefs her,
With blisses,
Her kis's
Dissolve us in pleasure and soft repose.

THE modes of the court so common are grown,
That a true friend can hardly be met ;
Friendship for interest is but a loan,
Which they let out for what they can get.
'Tis true you find
Some friends so kind,
Who'll give you good counsel themselves to de-
In sorrowful ditty [fend ;
They promise, they pity,
But shift you for money from friend to friend.

THUS

THUS I stand like the Turk with his doxies around,

From all sides their glances his passion confound ;
 For black, brown, and fair, his inconstancy burns,
 And the different beauties subdue him by turns :
 Each calls forth her charms, to provoke his desires ;
 Tho' willing to all, with but one he retires.
 But think of this maxim, and put off your sorrow,
 The wretch of to-day may be happy to-morrow.

SENTE

SENTIMENTAL TOASTS.

MAY the scissars of œconomy clip the wings of extravagance.

May the single be married, and the married be happy.

Disinterested friendship, and artless love.

The heart that feels, and the hand that gives.

The rose of pleasure without the thorn.

Wit without bitterness, and mirth without noise.

The two that make a third.

May the fair be willing, and the willing fair.

May the lovers of a glass never want a bottle.

Youth in age, and age in youth.

The man of pleasure, who is a friend to virtue.

The love of liberty, and liberty in love.

May the pleasures of the evening bear the reflection of the morning.

Great men honest, and honest men great.

Good wine and good company to the lovers of reasonable enjoyment.

Love without licentiousness, and pleasure without excess.

May reason be the pilot when passion blows the gale.

May the friends of good-humour never have the vapours.

The padlock.

T H E

I N D E X.

A

| | |
|---|-----|
| A S Celia near a fountain lay | 6 |
| A way to the field, see the morning looks grey | 28 |
| A mason's daughter, fair and young | 33 |
| A s bringing home the other day | 49 |
| A dawn of hope my soul revives | 53 |
| All neighbours, I pray | 65 |
| A s Chloe on flowers reclin'd | 77 |
| A s I went to the wake | 80 |
| A s I went o'er the meadows | 82 |
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